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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT
From a drawing by George T. Tobin


THEODORE
ROOSEVELT
The BOY and the MAN

BY
JAMES MORGAN

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN"

NEW YORK
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THEODORE
ROOSEVELT
The BOY and the MAN

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A FOREWORD



“THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the Boy and the Man,” does not pretend to be an analysis of the individual, and it was not written with the intention of advocating or criticising his political policies. It was meant to be a simple, straightforward, yet complete biography of the most interesting personality of our day. Its aim is to present a life of action by portraying the varied dramatic scenes in the career of a Man who still has the enthusiasm of a Boy, and whose energy and faith have illustrated before the world the spirit of Young America.



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

CHAPTER I

A SON OF THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH



October 27, 1858, Theodore Roosevelt born. — Descended from one of the oldest Knickerbocker families of New York and from a noted Southern family. — Deep shadow cast upon his childhood home by the Civil War. — His father's noble work for the boys in blue. — His mother's Confederate brothers, one building the *Alabama* and other Southern cruisers, and another firing the last shot in the great battle with the *Kearsarge*. — His father's devotion to the poor. — The son's tribute to him and to his gallant Confederate uncles. — The strenuous life chosen in preference to a life of ease.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, unlike Abraham Lincoln and other leaders whom the American people have delighted to honor and follow, was not born in a log cabin. On the contrary, he was born to wealth and position in the city of New York. Fortune spared him the anxious struggle for a living, which most of us must make from earliest boyhood.

He was reared in an elegant home and educated in one of the famous universities of the country. He read law, but he had no need to practise a profession. His father had retired from business, and there was no occasion for the son to take up a business career.

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He tasted the enjoyments of travel in the Old World. The pleasure-loving society of his native city was open to him; his Knickerbocker name was a passport to the drawing-rooms of fashion and to the exclusive clubs. A life of ease was his if he chose. Not a few of his friends made this choice and gave themselves up to luxurious idleness.

But Theodore Roosevelt preferred for himself a life of toil—the strenuous life. In this decision he accepted the part which nature seems to have been preparing for him through generations of his family history.

He is descended, on his father's side, from a sturdy race of Dutch burghers, and he himself has a head which Rembrandt might have painted on one of his immortal canvases. The first Roosevelt, or Claes Martenszen Van Rosenvelt, as he was named, came from Holland to New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called, in 1649 or 1650. The place was a bit of quaint old Holland transplanted to the New World, and its people, with their wooden shoes, big breeches, and long pipes, with their thrift, their cleanliness, and their windmills,

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were as loyal Dutch as those that stayed in the homeland behind the dikes.

For full one hundred years the Roosevelts in this country made no marriage outside their race. The family name, Van Rosenvelt at first, then Rosenvelt and Rosavelt, did not get its present form of Roosevelt until after 1750. Theodore Roosevelt's early forbears were christened Nicholas, and Johannes, and Jacobus, and not until the Revolution did his ancestors adopt English names.

They were plain people, those founders of the family in America, and they got their living by their hands. In the beginning they lived at the Battery, the very lower end of Manhattan, but they have steadily moved up the island, generation by generation. A large tract of land was bought by one of Theodore Roosevelt's ancestors for \$500, and through it Roosevelt Street was laid out. His grandfather lived in Union Square, while his father's home was in 20th Street, and he himself has lived in 57th Street, within two blocks of Central Park.

The social condition of the family kept pace with this upward movement geographically. As far back as 1750 one of the Roosevelts is dignified in the

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official records of the city with the title of Esquire, and in 1765 another is set down as "gentleman." Like the honest burghers that they were, the Roosevelts discharged their civic duties as aldermen from time to time, and in some branches there were one or two state senators, a congressman or so, and a judge. But, as with most New York families, they were generally men of business.

For a century and a half they have been in the enjoyment of wealth. Theodore Roosevelt's grandfather, Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt, inherited a large fortune, and, as a glass importer and banker, he added a good deal to his inheritance. He was a most successful business man. Having himself left Columbia without graduating, he distrusted a college training for young men going into trade, and bred his son, Theodore, to follow in his footsteps.

This son was the father of the President. It was while he was a member of the prosperous house of Roosevelt & Co. in Maiden Lane, and on a journey to Georgia as the groomsman of a friend from Philadelphia, that he met Miss Martha Bulloch, the beautiful young woman who was to be the mother of the President. She was



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the sister of his friend's bride and in a year they, too, were married.

The Bullochs were as notable a family in the South as the Roosevelts in the North. Mrs. Roosevelt's father had been a major in the Mexican War and her great-grandfather, Archibald Bulloch, was the first Governor of the state of Georgia in the time of the Revolution.

Only a few years after this union of the North and the South, the great war between the sections shook the land. Nowhere in the North did it cast a deeper shadow than on the home of the Roosevelts. While her husband was deeply moved by loyalty to the Federal government, all of Mrs. Roosevelt's kindred in the old home went with the Confederacy.

Mrs. Roosevelt's elder brother, Captain James Dunwoody Bulloch, had been in the United States navy, but at the outbreak of the war was in the merchant marine, commanding a ship plying between New York and New Orleans. This ship, the *Bienville*, was in port at New Orleans at the time of the secession of Louisiana from the Union, and the governor commanded Captain Bulloch to turn her over to the state. The Captain refused, and his fealty to

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the South was brought into doubt. Nevertheless he believed that honor required him to deliver the vessel into the hands of her owners in New York. Until he had done that he did not feel free to join the Confederacy.

On offering his services to Jefferson Davis he was at once commissioned a captain in the Confederate navy and despatched to England to buy arms for the new government. He discharged this duty successfully and delivered his purchases, being the first to run the blockade.

His next assignment was one of the most important and delicate tasks that fell to a Confederate officer. He returned to England to buy and equip vessels of war for the South. The British government was forbidden by the laws of neutrality to permit such a thing to be done in her ports. The minister of the United States did his utmost to prevent the launching of the Confederate vessels which Captain Bulloch built, and commissioners were hastened from Washington, with \$10,000,000 in United States bonds, in a last effort to stop his work.

But he was not checked until he had set afloat fully half a dozen ships under the stars and bars of



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the South, among them the *Alabama*, and when the war was over Great Britain was compelled, by the arbitration of Geneva, to pay the government of the United States \$15,000,000 for the damages which Captain Bulloch's ships had inflicted on Northern shipping.

Mrs. Roosevelt's younger brother won a commission in the navy of the South and was the navigating officer of the *Alabama* in the destructive cruise of that ship. When the *Alabama* was sunk in a battle with the United States ship *Kearsarge* off the coast of France, he commanded the last gun that was in action and fired the last shot from her sinking deck. The men of the *Alabama* were rescued by an English yacht, and Irvine Stephens Bulloch married the daughter of one of his English rescuers.

President Roosevelt has not hesitated to say that he is proud of the gallantry of his Confederate uncles in the war, and of one of them he has said, "My uncle always struck me as the nearest approach to Colonel Newcome of any man I ever met in actual life."

It was not the strife, but the suffering of the war

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that appealed to Theodore Roosevelt the elder. True, he helped to raise and equip regiments at the outset and was an organizer of the Union League Club for the purpose of rallying the supporters of the cause of the Union. But when the war was well under way, he gave himself almost entirely to aiding the sick and wounded, to caring for the families and the widows and orphans of the soldiers. He was among the foremost in starting and carrying on the Sanitary Commission, which did so much for the health and comfort of those who bore the battle.

It was he who went to President Lincoln with a bill, which he had drawn and which Congress adopted with the President's approval, authorizing each state to receive such sums of money as the soldiers were willing to set aside from their pay and to see that this money was given to their families. Many of those whose breadwinners had gone into the army were almost starving, while the soldiers at the front, sometimes without safe means of sending money home and often careless of their obligations to those they had left behind, were wasting their wages.

Mr. Roosevelt went from camp to camp on long, hard winter journeys, persuading the men in New



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York regiments to assign to the state more or less of their monthly allowance. In this way several million dollars were rescued in the course of the war and delivered to the wives and mothers of the boys in blue, enabling them to keep roofs over their heads and homes to which they welcomed the veterans when they came back from the war.

On the return of peace, when hundreds of thousands of young men were suddenly mustered out of the army and thrown upon their own resources, Mr. Roosevelt formed in New York, whose streets were thronged with idle and moneyless men, a Soldiers' Employment Bureau. To see that they got their just dues from the government without being robbed by claim agents, he joined in establishing the Protective War Claims Association.

The call to these nobler duties, which the war had brought him, turned the elder Theodore Roosevelt from the business career which his father had planned for him. (The philanthropic tendencies of his family, manifested in every generation for a hundred years, became the controlling force in his life.) His grandfather had given his services as commissary to the Continental Army without pay.

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His father had been a liberal contributor to charity, and one of his kinsmen had given the larger part of his fortune to found the great Roosevelt Hospital in New York.

Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, belonged from birth to the House of Have, but he determined to give his heart to the House of Want. He was not rich, as riches are counted in New York; but he had all that he and his family needed, and he would not go on piling up a hoard of unneeded wealth.

Nearly all his life he had made it his practice to set apart one day of every week, wholly for the service of the less fortunate, visiting and cheering them as a friend, while he meant to let no day pass without some act of kindness to its credit.

“I remember seeing him,” his son fondly said of the father, “going down Broadway, staid and respectable business man as he was, with a poor little sick kitten in his pocket, a waif which he had picked up in the street.”

He withdrew from business more and more, until, at last, he quit it entirely that he might give himself, as well as his money, to lighten, as he could, the burden of the poor in the great city. Thus he was



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free to devote himself to his children and to those other children of his sympathies, the children of the people. He was the active head of the Children's Aid Society, and for years never missed a Sunday evening at the 18th Street lodging house of that society. His generous activities were widely recognized, and he was made chairman of the State Board of Charities.

Heavy as his sense of duty was and keen as were his sympathies with those in misfortune, Mr. Roosevelt was yet a pleasure-loving man, and his distinguished son has boasted, "My father was the finest man I ever knew, and the happiest." He delighted in the woods; he was fond of sailing his yacht, took part in many athletic sports and drove a four-in-hand with skill in the park.

In politics he was loyal to the principles of his party, but he was as independent of the bosses as his son has shown himself to be. President Hayes honored him for this independence and nominated him to the highest federal office in the state, the collectorship of the port of New York. But the bosses knew that they could not control him and they had the power to cause the Senate to reject his name.

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Mr. Roosevelt died in what should have been his prime, but yet not until he had seen his son and namesake, over whom he had watched with so much loving anxiety and upon whom he had looked with the proudest hope, a student at Harvard, and displaying among his fellows a promise of that strength and soundness, alike in body and in character, which he had done his best to give him. As the good man lay dying, the children of the tenements brought him flowers and sent him tear-stained letters, and when he died, the flags of the city were lowered to half-staff in honor of this modest, great-hearted private citizen. "His life," the members of the Union League Club declared in their resolutions, "was a stirring summons to the men of wealth, of culture and of leisure, to a more active participation in public affairs."

This is the summons which Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, has obeyed. The spirit of service was bred in him. He stands the embodiment of his father's devotion to public duty on the one hand, and on the other, of the gallantry of those Confederate uncles, whose daring feats have been his admiration since childhood.

CHAPTER II

BOYHOOD BATTLES



A youth beset with disadvantages. — The first rich man's son to find a way to leadership in American history. — The only city-born boy to reach the Presidency. — A long struggle against ill health. — Schooling interrupted. — Seeking strength in Europe and at home. — How he won the first and hardest of his battles and fitted himself to play a man's part in life.

THE boyhood of Theodore Roosevelt was beset with disadvantages such as few have had to overcome. It is true that he did not need to toil in the wilderness, as Washington did in his youth, or, like Lincoln, walk many miles to get a book to read. But struggles and privations of that kind are believed to have been the making of many of our foremost men.

Among all the youths born to wealth, Roosevelt alone has gained an important place in the history of our democracy. Shielded and pampered in youth, the average rich boy has no heart for the rude shock of manhood's battles, and learns with despair that there is no royal road to fame. "Theodore Roosevelt, a bright, precocious boy, aged twelve," the

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family physician wrote in his "case book," and then remarked to his partner, "he ought to make his mark but for the difficulty that he has a rich father."

Not only have all our foremost men been without rich fathers, but Roosevelt is the first city-born boy to reach the Presidency. All of his twenty-four predecessors were country or village lads, and grew up where life was simple and the paths of duty plain. But a boy born in a big city opens his eyes upon a world that is like a tangled network.

In the primeval wilderness a boy's work is cut out for him. There are trees to be felled, houses to be built, stumps to be pulled, and soil to be turned. In the wilderness of a great city, where the hand must seek its task, the boy too often is lost while trying to find the thing that needs to be done. Thus of all the hundreds of thousands of boys native to New York one may count on his fingers the few who have found the road to fame. The men who achieve most in the city have come from the country, as a rule, and were trained in the country.

Ill health, however, was the first and greatest of all of Roosevelt's disadvantages. "When a boy," he has said, "I was pig-chested and asthmatic."

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From earliest infancy he was called to battle with asthma. It lowered his vitality and threatened his growth. This was the longest and hardest of his fights. No encounter of his Rough Rider campaign, no wrestle with the Senate or the trusts or the bosses, has been equal to that conflict in his childhood with the grim enemy of health. But faith and will are his chief support in every contest he enters and they sustained him then. His body was frail, but within was the conquering spirit. He determined to be strong like other boys.

In this he had the loving help of gentle parents. On the wide back porch of their 20th Street home they fitted up a gymnasium, where he strove for bodily vigor with all his might. It is among the fond recollections of his family that although at the start his pole climbing was very poor, he kept trying until he got to the top. He would carry his gymnastic exercises to the perilous verge of the window ledge, more to the alarm of the neighbors than of his own family. "If the Lord hadn't taken care of Theodore," his mother would say, "he would have been killed long ago."

In the Roosevelt home the simple life reigned

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always. (But the summer was the season of Theodore's delight. Then he ceased to be a city boy. At his father's country place, "Tranquillity," some three miles from his present home at Oyster Bay, he learned to run and ride, row and swim.) And when the long, sleepless nights came, the father would take his invalid boy in his arms, wrap him up warmly and drive with him in the free open air through fifteen or twenty miles of darkness.

(He had his father's love of the woods and the fields, and he studied and classified the birds of the neighborhood until he knew their songs and plumage and nests.) He and his young friends could be relied on to find the spot where the violets bloomed the earliest, and the trees on which the walnuts were most plentiful, as well as the pools where the minnows swarmed and the favorite refuge of the coon.

"I never wanted to go to school," he has admitted. Yet he never was a stranger to books, which he read quickly but thoroughly. He did not believe in skipping the big words merely because they were hard. That seemed to him too like shirking. His sisters still smile at the recollection of one characteristic instance, when he was a very little

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chap in stiff white petticoats, with a curl on the top of his head. He was reading Dr. Livingstone's African travels, a ponderous volume of which he carried around the house in search of some one who would take the trouble to tell him what "foraging ants" were. At last he commanded attention and pointed out the term in the book which had aroused his curiosity. But it proved to be no new discovery in natural history. Dr. Livingstone had only referred to the "foregoing ants."

Weakness so often interrupted his studies that he took no pleasure in the competition of the school-room, although the records of the public school, which he attended for a time, give him 97 in geography, 96 in history, and 98 in rhetoric. Even 86 in spelling is pretty good for a spelling reformer. It is remembered by his teachers that he was strong in composition and declamation and that he had uncommon skill in map making. (His schooling, however, was necessarily irregular, and he was prepared for college by private instruction)

He was taken to Europe in 1869 in the hope that it would benefit his health. "A tall, thin lad with bright eyes and legs like pipe stems," is the memory-

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picture drawn by one who was a playmate of his on the ship. Again, in 1873, he crossed the seas and went to Algiers, for his weakened lungs were giving his family some concern and the warm African air was sought as a balm for them. By President Grant's appointment, his father was the American commissioner to the Vienna exposition in that year and Theodore, with his brother Elliott and sister Corinne, now Mrs. Douglas Robinson, were brought from Algiers to Dresden, in Germany, where they were placed in the home of a tutor.

This tutor interested Theodore because he was an old revolutionist of '48 and had suffered in prison for German liberty. He was, moreover, a member of the German parliament or Reichstag in 1873. It is recalled in this family that their young American guest was an eager and enterprising student, but not a brilliant scholar. Nevertheless, one member of the household has lived to vow that she predicted then that he would be President of the United States. "He seemed to pick up things, one did not know how." He delighted in the German classics and he laid the foundation for speaking German well, although his asthma, while in Dresden,



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made uninterrupted conversation by him very difficult.

{ He took drawing lessons and showed an unusual interest in natural history. When the Roosevelts were leaving Dresden for Switzerland, it was found that Theodore's trunk was so filled with the stones he had collected that he had discarded some of his clothing. His mother thought it better to leave the stones than the clothes, but as fast as she threw them out of the trunk, the young disciple of nature picked them up and put as many of them as he could in his pockets.

Dresden has always remained a happy memory to Mr. Roosevelt, and just before entering Harvard he wrote to his old friends in Germany: "I shall not go into business until I have passed through college, which will not be for four years. What business I shall enter then I do not know." He did not need to cross that bridge until he came to it.

[He had won the battle of his boyhood.] He had vanquished the enemy and was ready to play a man's part in life. "I made my health what it is," he has said. "I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered

most
immensely enjoyed it and never

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE DAYS



Enters Harvard in 1876. — Welcomed by the select clubs, but popular with all his classmates. — Plucky boxing in the light-weight class at the gymnasium. — Pursues sport, not for success, but for his physical development. — A characteristic experience while teaching Sunday school. — Camp life with Bill Sewall in the Maine woods, where he learned to love the wilderness and brought himself nearer still to his constant goal, a vigorous body. — Graduates twenty-second in the class of 1880.

AT Harvard, where he was a member of the class of '80, Theodore Roosevelt was neither a "grind" nor a trifle. (His name and his means, two things that count for a good deal in Cambridge, gave him a chance to splurge. But his boyhood struggle had given him simple tastes, and he could not be a snob because he had been brought up to respect the feelings of others.)

He selected two rooms in a lodging house near Harvard Yard and these he fitted up plainly. Instead of the unbecoming extravagance and frivolity, with which well-to-do students sometimes furnish their quarters, at an expense running into the thou-

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sands, his were ornamented by the skins of stuffed animals and by rare birds which he himself mounted. He did sport a high and fancy trap, which was the latest fashion then, for he loved a horse, although he was not yet the master of the saddle which he afterward became.

All the more select clubs and societies took him in and his name was enrolled among the chosen few of his class in the Institute of 1770, the Porcellian and the Alpha Delta Phi, more renowned as the A. D., while he was secretary of the famous old Hasty Pudding Club. At the same time he is remembered pleasantly by that other and far larger part of his classmates, who were not of this coterie, although he had not yet gained the full measure of his active democratic spirit which his broader life out of college was to give him.

(While he did not by any means make himself a stranger to the homes in Cambridge and in Boston, which were cordially open to him, his chief interests were apart from formal society.) He welcomed the chance to meet his fellows in the friendly rivalry of vigorous sports, and to put to the test the strength and skill he had acquired on his back porch gym-

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nasium at home. To develop the muscles of his legs, which were not yet the firm support that they were to be in his full maturity, he took to skipping the rope. Others caught the habit from him, and rope skipping passed into the fashion of the day. Wrestling was another of his hearty pastimes, and he pursued it as a science.

His boxing, however, is best remembered at Harvard of all his sporting activities. His delicate appearance amazed those who saw him make his first ventures with the gloves in the gymnasium. He weighed only one hundred and thirty and was a very doubtful-looking entry in the light-weight class. Besides, he had to go into combat with a pair of big spectacles lashed to his head, a bad handicap, which put his eyesight in peril every time he boxed. To offset this disadvantage, he aimed to lead swiftly and heavily and thus put his opponent on the defensive from the start.

Not a few old Harvard men recall a characteristic instance of Roosevelt's sportsmanlike bearing. He was in the midst of a hot encounter when time was called. He promptly dropped his hands to his side, whereupon his antagonist dealt him a heavy blow

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squarely on his nose. There was an instant cry of "Foul, foul," from the sympathetic onlookers and a scene of noisy excitement followed. Above the uproar, Roosevelt, his face covered with blood, was heard shouting at the top of his voice, as he ran toward the referee, "Stop! stop! he didn't hear! he didn't hear!" Then he shook the hand of the other youth warmly, and the emotion of the little crowd changed from scorn of his opponent to admiration of him.

He may never have come in first, as he has said, but he was always so ready, even to meet the class champion himself, and took the knocks in such good part that he never was second in the regard of all who delighted in pluck. Moreover, he did not go in to win so much as to get out of the game all the fun and exercise he could. Sport for sport's sake was his standard. He did not adopt base ball, foot-ball, or any form of team work or spectacular display. He was spared, therefore, the fate of too many athletes, who let their play become the serious business of their college days, and whose false point of view works them a lifelong injury by stunting their minds and warping their characters.

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Nothing better shows the even balance which Roosevelt kept than that while he was active in the gymnasium, he was also active in the Sunday school. He had joined the old church of his fathers, the Dutch Reformed, in New York, before going to Harvard. There being no church of his denomination in Cambridge, however, he took a class in an Episcopal Sunday school.

He had learned the spirit of service from his father. He must not live unto himself alone; he must feel he was doing something for others. He got along famously with his boys. (When one of them came into the class with a black eye, the teacher questioned him earnestly about it. The boy explained, with manifest truthfulness, that his sister had been pinched by a boy who sat beside her. He had told the offender to stop and he would not stop, whereupon the gallant brother had fought for her.

"You did perfectly right," said Roosevelt, the muscular Christian, and he gave him a dollar as a poultice for the black eye.) The class hailed this as a fine example of justice, and drew nearer than before to their teacher, for there is no way to get a firmer grip on a boy's heart than by taking his part in

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battle. Some of the grave elders of the parish, however, hearing of the matter, were much displeased. In the end, Roosevelt left this field of labor and found a class in another Sunday school. (Another remembered incident of his Cambridge life shows how well he had gained that readiness to act in any situation, which is one of his marked traits at all times) A horse in a stable adjoining his lodgings aroused the neighborhood in the dead of night by a noise that indicated it was in sore trouble. Half a dozen men got up and dressed and went to the rescue, only to find, when they reached the stable, that Roosevelt was already on the scene and doing the needed thing to relieve the poor beast. For he had not stopped to dress nor even to take time to walk downstairs. He had gone to the rescue out of a second-story back window, and climbed down a piazza post in his night clothes.

Just before entering Harvard, Roosevelt, on the advice of two of his cousins, took a step which had a lasting influence on his life. They sent him down in Maine to their old guide, Bill Sewall of Island Falls. With this born woodsman he learned to know and love the wilderness. There he developed tastes

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which later led him out into the wild West, to be a ranchman, a hunter, and finally the organizer of the Rough Riders, things which have done so much to shape his fortunes. Besides, he made a lifelong friend of Bill Sewall, as true a one as he can count among all his friendships.

Island Falls was then beyond the railway and on the very edge of the immense wild lands of the Pine Tree State. In that village the pale, stoop-shouldered young gentleman from New York made himself at home, and one of the villagers has declared: "Every one in the Falls liked him, for he was as plain as a spruce board and as square as a brick." He lived like a son in the simple home of the backwoodsman and tramped and camped with Bill as a chum.

(The experience was an object lesson in democracy, which was not lost on his youthful imagination. It helped him to learn that no little caste of well-to-do city people and college graduates, no Four Hundred, could boast all the wisdom and virtue of the race. He found that there was much that a Knickerbocker could gain by association with an aristocrat of the forest.) It recalls to mind the old,

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old story of the learned man in the boat of the fisherman: —

“Don’t you know the rules of syntax?” the pedant asked.

“No,” the fisherman answered.

“Then one-fourth of your life is lost. Do you know algebra?”

“No.”

“Then one-half of your life is lost. Do you know geometry?” But before the fisherman could confess his ignorance of this latter branch of learning, a huge wave upset the boat and cast both him and the professor into the water.

“Do you know how to swim?” he shouted to the professor.

“No,” the poor man cried.

“Then the whole of your life is lost.”

Roosevelt was learning to value men according to what they knew, rather than by what they did not know.

In his days with the Sewalls he did not go for big game and “he never could keep still long enough to fish.” He shot his first deer while in the Adirondacks, and in Maine he was content to roam the

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primeval forest, sleep with Bill in his hunting hut and bag enough birds for their meals. His guide had been appealed to by Theodore's cousins to watch that he did not try to do more than his strength warranted. But "he wouldn't let any one else lug his gun," Bill said, "or help him out in any way. He never shirked his share of anything, no matter how played out he might be. The boy was grit clear through."

Again and again he would return to his good friends in the woods for a vacation from college studies. Once at least he went only in time to save himself from a physical breakdown. Always he found abundant healing in the midst of nature and each time he brought himself nearer to his constant goal, a vigorous body.

When he graduated from Harvard he stood twenty-second in his class, which, by the way, was about the same as Grant's rank at West Point. He won few academic honors. No Commencement part fell to him and the only mention he received was in natural history.

In spite of the interruptions in his attendance at college, however, he had gained that first quality of

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success, the power to concentrate his interest and attention on the subject in hand. Often he would drop into the crowded room of a fellow-student for a visit, but, chancing upon a book that appealed to his attention, he would sit absorbed in it, without noticing what might be going on around him. Sometimes his entire call would pass in this way, and closing the book, he would hurry off, with an apology to the fellows. They all set him down as more or less crazy, on this account as well as on account of his various enthusiasms, which embraced several subjects, ranging from Elizabethan poetry to his rash impulses to run off on tiger hunts in India. Nevertheless, all respected his earnest, if somewhat irregular, devotion to scholarship.



CHAPTER IV

CHOOSING A CAREER



October 27, 1880, marriage of Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Alice Hathaway Lee. — A European honeymoon. — Setting up a home in New York. — Publishes his first work, "The Naval History of the War of 1812." — Death of Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, February 9, 1878, aged 46. — The son inspired by his father's memory to seek a life of service. — Gives up early ambition to be a professor of natural history. — Studies law and enters politics. — Fifth Avenue friends laugh at him for joining political club of his ward. — His novel campaign in the "Diamond Back District." — Elected to the Legislature in November, 1881.

GRADUATING from Harvard at twenty-one, Theodore Roosevelt went into the world, a fairly robust man, of strong character and high ambition. The choice of a career he left to the future. That he would have a useful one he was fully determined. He had no thought of returning to New York and swelling the ranks of the "unemployed rich."

He acted then in accord with the opinion he expressed in later years when he said: "There is nowhere in the world a more ignoble character than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, bent only on amassing a fortune and

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putting his fortune only to the basest uses, whether these uses be to speculate in stocks or to wreck railroads himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel and his social position, foreign or native, for his daughter.”)

Roosevelt's noble father had died, but the memory of his life of duty was a living inspiration to the son. He, too, must find a chance to serve. More than once in the years that have followed, when he has done a thing which he deemed worthy of this example, so constantly before him, he has been heard to exclaim : “How I wish father were here and could see it !”

He had married in the autumn following his graduation a young lady whom he met in his Harvard days, Alice Hathaway Lee, the daughter of a notable Boston family of wealth and culture. After a honeymoon in Europe, where Mr. Roosevelt climbed the Matterhorn on a dare, the young couple went to housekeeping in New York.

There he loyally undertook to carry on his father's work. He became the secretary of the Prison Reform Association and joined in various philanthropic movements with which the elder Theodore Roosevelt

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had been associated. But he soon found that Theodore Roosevelt, the younger, was quite another man and that the best way to honor the name was to find his own work and then do it in his own way.

He had not thought of becoming a writer of books. At Harvard, he was one of the editors of the college paper, the *Advocate*, but did almost no writing for it. The foundation of his first book was laid by chance. He was fond of both civil and military history. It was in the course of his reading along this line that he found a number of manifest errors in the history of the naval battles in the War of 1812. Merely to satisfy himself, he began an investigation of the facts. He diligently sought out every record of the conflict, on the shelves of the Harvard library, until he had gathered sufficient material for a new history of our sea struggles with Great Britain. This he brought out in two volumes the year after leaving college, and "The Naval History of the War of 1812" received praise both in England and America that was flattering to a young author in his twenty-third year.

When he first went to college and on his earlier visits to the wilds of Maine, Mr. Roosevelt's deepest

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interest, among all his studies, was in natural history, and he was looking forward to fitting himself to be a professor of that branch of instruction. He had begun by learning the birds and trees and flowers around Oyster Bay, and at Harvard he took more pleasure in natural history than in any other part of his work.

Not only were his college lodgings decorated with birds, which showed his skill in mounting, but his tastes attracted some rather queer living companions of the insect and reptile species. His fellow-lodgers have a lively recollection of the alarm caused in the house once when an enormous tortoise was encountered in the hallway. It had escaped from Roosevelt's rooms and presumably was heading for the bath-room to get a drink of water.

On another occasion his active interest in this direction caused almost a panic in a street car, where some lobsters, which he was taking out from Boston for the purpose of scientific study, escaped from their package and introduced themselves to the passengers. That his devotion to this science continued to the end is shown by his having chosen natural history as the theme of his graduating essay.

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But as he gained in physical strength his interests constantly broadened. The love of combat stirred in his blood and he began to think he might like a more aggressive life than that of a teacher. Bill Sewall says he told him to go into politics, and that Roosevelt finally agreed that it would be a good field for him if he could only find something to do in it.

“He who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family,” he has since said; “but he who has means owes his time to the state. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work for all — to the men of wealth, the doctrine of unremunerative work.” That is the doctrine which he practised long before he preached it.

While he was joining in some amateur political movements among the young men of his acquaintance he took up the study of law, but with no serious purpose to make that his calling. It proved to be a part of his general training for the work which he was to do. He entered the law course at Columbia College, in the city, and at the same time studied in the law office of an uncle. At the lectures he showed the same earnestness which always marked his attention to any subject that he took up. A member

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of the class has placed on record in an English magazine that Mr. Roosevelt frequently interrupted the lecturer with a request for more detailed information, and from this fact the writer argued that he was slow of wit. But it is barely possible that he had the courage to confess his ignorance where others in the lecture room chose to glide over the hard places in silence.

Meanwhile his interest in politics was steadily leading him in that direction. At the outset the prospect was not a pleasing one. To gain an entrance into public life was not an easy thing for a man of his stamp in the city of New York. In the small towns, where most of our successful public men make their beginning, it is simple enough for bright young men to get a chance to show what there is in them. Their friends and neighbors will start them, and if they do well, their community will push them.

There was, however, nearly a three to one majority against Mr. Roosevelt's party in his community, while, as for his friends and neighbors, they had nothing to do with politics, except to vote on election day. Hotel lobbies and barrooms, and not the



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homes, were the political centres of New York. All nominations and honors were controlled by the bosses, who, with their machines, could have no more use for him than they had for his father, when they refused to accept him as the Collector of the Port.

Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt, with the faith which has overcome so many obstacles in his pathway, went into politics within a year after leaving college. A university education and foreign travel had left him still a simple faith in his country, an ardent type of Young America. He had none of that despair and disdain which culture sometimes gives a youth. He attended a Harvard dinner in New York years after leaving college, and a professor there told of an experience with such a man among the recent graduates. He had asked this graduate what he was going to do now that he had received an education. "Oh, really, do you know, professor," the callow citizen replied, "it does not seem to me that there is anything much worth while." Mr. Roosevelt, on hearing this story, was greatly wrought up, and striking the table a loud whack, declared "that fellow ought to have been knocked in the head." When he himself was a young

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graduate he saw plenty to do and at once went about it.

He did not go into politics like some men of means whom he has since ridiculed and who "get together in a big hall where they vociferously demand reform as if it were some concrete substance which could be handed out to them in slices and who then disband with a feeling of the most serene self-satisfaction." He thought that political conditions should be made better, but he did not call upon some one else to make them better; he himself undertook to do his share of the hard work.

He determined to join his district political club. His Fifth Avenue friends laughed heartily. It was too funny for anything to think of a Roosevelt in ward politics. "You'll meet only the groom and the saloon-keeper there," they are remembered to have said. "Well," replied the youth, "if that is so, they are the governing class in this city then, and they rule you. They must be better men than you are."

His home at that time was at 55 West 45th Street, which was in the 21st Assembly district. The Republican club or association for that district met in

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Morton Hall in 59th Street, near Fifth Avenue, and he said that the ruling classes he saw there were "a jolly enough lot." He had "a bully time," and was not at all afraid of soiling his hands. The "boys" did not understand "just what his game was," but they voted him a "good fellow," without any of the airs of the silk-stocking crowd.

Pretty soon he found himself in a hot debate at one of these meetings, and, from the applause which his speech received, he has confessed that he was confident of victory. But when it came to a ballot, the silent nod of the boss decided the issue, and the youthful politician was amazed to find his motion was lost by a vote of 95 to 3.

It chanced, however, in the fall, when it came time to send a man to the Legislature, that the bosses fell out among themselves and the little bosses made up their minds that if they could get Mr. Roosevelt's friends, his "swell friends," to come out to the primaries and vote for him, they could teach a lesson to the big boss, a man named Jacob Hess. But Mr. Roosevelt had not gone into politics to get an office before he earned it, and he refused to be a candidate. They were shrewd, however, and

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they taunted him. Where was his public spirit, where was his sense of duty to the dear people? Then he offered to find some older man, who would stand as a candidate. All whom he called upon really could not think of doing it; they were too busy. Finally he himself had to go into the fight or be sneered out of the councils of the district. And he stood. Once he entered the fray, he went in to win, and it was not long before the old boss made a virtue of necessity and accepted him.

The district was a long, narrow strip of Manhattan Island, with Fifth Avenue running up the middle, and stretching from 40th Street to 80th Street. It was known as the "Diamond Back District," because of the wealth of its residents. In the same region William Waldorf Astor was running for Congress on the ticket which carried Theodore Roosevelt's name for the Legislature, and he was scattering his money and kissing all the babies on his way. Boss Hess very kindly came around to Roosevelt and offered to introduce him to his constituents. Naturally he started in with the saloons. Their first call was on a Sixth Avenue barkeeper, who assumed, of course, that if elected, Roosevelt would be against

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raising the price of saloon licenses. The candidate, however, was not sure about it; in fact, he thought there was a good deal to be said in favor of a high license law, and the first thing the astonished Hess knew Roosevelt was arguing along that line with the indignant saloon-keeper. There was no use in trying to get votes for a fellow like that, and the boss gave up the electioneering trip among the saloons right there.

Thrown on his own resources, Roosevelt dropped that kind of campaigning and started in to canvass the homes of the district. The homes responded. Fifth Avenue caught the infection of the young man's enthusiasm. His friends rallied around him. Millionaires solicited the votes of their butlers and coachmen. There was a fusion of all sorts and conditions of people in the cause of the democratic young aristocrat, as there has since been in a far larger constituency, and Roosevelt scored an honorable victory on election day, while Astor, running for Congress, went down in a disgraceful defeat and left the country.

CHAPTER V

IN POLITICS



A member of the Legislature of 1882-83-84. — The youngest man in the House. — Fighting the bosses. — Nominated for Speaker, 1883, by the Republicans, who then abandon him. — "I was absolutely deserted." — But he does not sulk. — "My first real lesson in politics." — The Roosevelt Committee investigates New York City in 1884. — A great political victory. — Mr. Roosevelt Delegate-at-Large and Chairman of the New York Delegation in the famous National Convention of 1884. — Opposes Blaine's nomination for President, but does not leave the Republican party. — Retires from politics.

MR. ROOSEVELT was only twenty-three and the youngest man in the Legislature when he took his seat at Albany. It was not long until he was one of the most widely known members, for he showed his fighting qualities from the start.

"It was a particularly disagreeable year to be in the Legislature," he has said. "The composition of that body was unusually bad." There arose a scandal concerning a judge, but the machine ordered silence. Roosevelt, however, moved his impeachment, and, standing alone, he pressed the issue, day after day, until on the eighth day the public opinion

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of the state came to his support and his motion was carried by 104 to 6. Once beyond his reach, however, the measure was suppressed by the bosses, and when he came up for re-election, they started in to suppress him as well.

Many of the good people of his district, who vowed it was a shame for the machine to try to defeat him, could not be moved to give him any active assistance. One of them, who was wildly indignant that there should be any opposition to a good young man, when asked to stay at the polls on election day was very sorry that he had an engagement to go quail shooting. Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt was reelected, although his party was routed almost everywhere, for that was the year in which the Democrats, under Grover Cleveland, swept the state by nearly two hundred thousand majority.

The new Legislature was Democratic, but the Republicans did the best they could for Mr. Roosevelt and gave him the honor of their nomination as Speaker. While this vote did not seat him in the Speaker's chair, it conferred upon him the leadership of the minority.

He did not hold that place long, however, for he

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...d not take orders from the bosses. The machine
...d him impossible; he "wouldn't listen to
...n." It was in a vain appeal to him that a
...ical politician at Albany coined a phrase which
...ne famous. This gentleman, in trying to
...ve Mr. Roosevelt's objections to a bill, urged
...not to "let the Constitution come between
...ls."

...was absolutely deserted," Mr. Roosevelt has
...ssed in a magazine article, describing this
...d in his life. He was the rising hope of all
...reformers and idealists; but, alas, they were not

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members were willing to listen to him and join in behalf of his measures.

“That was my first real lesson in politics,” he has said. “It was just this; if you are cast on a desert island, with only a screw-driver, a hatchet, and a chisel to make a boat with, go make the best one you can. It would be better if you had a saw, but you haven’t. So with men. There is a point of course where a man must take his stand alone and break with all for a clear principle, but until it comes, he must work with men as they are.” He had learned not only a lesson in politics, but in democracy as well.

He showed his readiness more than once to support Governor Cleveland, a Democrat. Once he supported the Governor when to do so he had to go against his own record. Even in those early days, Mr. Roosevelt was not overawed by wealth and corporate power and he voted to pass a bill reducing the fare on the Elevated road in New York to five cents. The Governor vetoed the bill, in a message which convinced Mr. Roosevelt that to reduce the fare would be a violation of the contract between the state and the railroad. He promptly acknowl-

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edged that he had been wrong and that the Governor was right, but he gave the corporation small comfort, for in his speech he said he would sustain the veto because he was bound by the law and not because of any consideration for "the infernal thieves" who managed the company, and he denounced Jay Gould and his partners as of "the wealthy criminal class."

It was at this session that he heard the bitter cry of the crowded sweat shops of the city tenements. He went among them and their unfortunate dwellers and toilers and he told the Legislature what he had seen, with so much earnestness that a law was enacted in the direction of better conditions.

On his third election he found himself again in a Republican Legislature. He became a candidate for Speaker and, before the session opened, he went all over the state in the interest of his candidacy, seeing members in their homes. This directness was unusual in politics. Speakers were generally selected by powerful combinations which controlled the votes of the members. It was so in this instance. The men of power knew they could not trust Mr. Roosevelt to do their bidding, if elected to the chair, and their candidate won.

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Although defeated for Speaker, the young member from the 21st, now an old hand at the business of legislation, became the leader on the floor of the House and the most influential man of the session. As Chairman of the important Committee on Cities, he investigated the city government of New York. The "Roosevelt Committee," as it was called, created a good deal of a stir in the metropolis. One of the city officials on the stand testified that he could not remember whether his campaign expenses were above or below \$50,000. Another confessed that he was lawfully making \$80,000 a year in his office. One direct result of the investigation was the stopping of all big salaries and fees under the city government.

Mr. Roosevelt joined the eighth regiment of the New York National Guard and became a captain. One of his lieutenants declares that he was the frankest young militia officer he ever saw. "While Roosevelt was drilling us," says the former lieutenant, "he would sometimes burst out with the exclamation: 'Hold on there a minute!' Pulling his book of tactics out of his hip pocket and flying through its leaves, while the entire company stood and waited and watched, he would look up the

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points and then say: 'I made a mistake; this is the way to do it.' We simply couldn't laugh at a man who was as honest as that with us."

The most notable success won by Mr. Roosevelt in those years was scored in the election of delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1884. Nothing else shows so well how much he had gained in political skill. His fight began in his own district, which he had carefully organized in the course of his three years as a candidate for the Legislature. In this organization, he was one of some twenty or thirty loyal, wide-awake young men from all walks of life.

At the outset of his work in politics, he found some members of a political club to which he belonged, planning to blackball a man merely because he was a Jew. He jumped to his feet and roundly denounced them. He was plainly angry and he talked to them until they were ashamed of their purpose. When he sat down, the vote was taken. There was not a blackball and the man was not kept out because of his religion. This was then, as much as it is now, the Roosevelt spirit. "For myself," he has said, "I would work as quick beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendants of the Patroon."

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Among his fellow-workers in his district could be counted a Columbia professor, a former Columbia oarsman, an Irish quarryman, a master-carpenter, the proprietor of a small store, a rich young merchant, the editor of a little German newspaper, two office-holders, a member of a Jewish synagogue, the son of a noted Presbyterian clergyman, and a young Catholic lawyer. By such a true American union of citizens under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership his organization controlled the district for years. It enabled him to defeat "Jake" Hess in 1884 and to go as a delegate to the state convention. There he and a few men like him, though greatly outnumbered, beat the old-timers in politics by a shrewd and daring movement and ran the convention. He was elected a Delegate-at-Large to the National Convention over a gray-haired United States Senator, and his fellow-delegates made him their chairman.

Thus it happened, to the surprise of the entire country, that this young man of twenty-five entered the famous Chicago Convention at the head of the delegation from the Empire State. Theodore Roosevelt had become one of the central figures on the national stage. At the very opening session he

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was drawn into the contest over the selection of the temporary chairman of the convention. The national committee, whose duty it was to call the convention, had proposed a man to preside over it. Mr. Roosevelt joined with those who rebelled against this choice and who wished to confer the honor on a negro delegate from Mississippi.

In support of this motion, he made a stirring speech before the great assemblage in the convention hall, saying in conclusion, "It is now, Mr. Chairman, less than a quarter of a century since, in this city, the great Republican party, for the first time organized for victory, nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, who broke the fetters of the slave and rent them asunder forever. It is fitting for us to choose to preside over this convention one of that race, whose right to sit within these walls is due to the blood and treasure so lavishly spent by the founders of the Republican party." The negro candidate was chosen, but Mr. Roosevelt lost the great battle of the convention when it nominated James G. Blaine for President.

It was indeed a hard choice for him. He and his associates had opposed Mr. Blaine with so much



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earnestness and on such grounds that it was impossible for them to support him in the campaign with any enthusiasm. Most of them left the Republican party rather than vote for its new standard bearer, and, in the language of the time, became Mugwumps. Grover Cleveland had been nominated by the Democrats, and the Mugwumps supported him loyally. None of them knew Mr. Cleveland better or perhaps more favorably than Mr. Roosevelt. But he believed that the future of the country, within his generation at least, would be in the keeping of the Republican party and he had no faith in Mr. Cleveland's party.

After much anxious thought, he announced that he would vote the Republican ticket, although he did not attempt to take any active part in the campaign for Mr. Blaine. The Republicans were defeated in the election and Mr. Cleveland was elected, the first Democrat to be chosen President in twenty-four years. Mr. Roosevelt's Mugwump friends were jubilant. He retired from politics, not, however, to nurse his disappointment, but to open an entirely new chapter in his life.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE WILD WEST



While a member of the Legislature, he responds to the call of the wilderness and goes buffalo hunting on the Plains.—A tenderfoot who amazes the plainsmen by his hardihood.—He sees the Wild West in the golden age of its romance.—A vast empire of fenceless pastures.—The cowboy, the picturesque child of the great cattle country.—A typical cow town.—The young New Yorker falls in love with the desert and buys a ranch.

NATURE ever has been the favorite teacher of Theodore Roosevelt. Although he is a university graduate, although books always have been his constant companions, he has learned the greatest lessons of life, as Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and most of the leaders of the nation learned them, from his contact with men and with the world in the rude school of experience.

“One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.”

He had learned to know the birds and trees and flowers of Long Island in his boyhood and he had



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delighted in the wilder life of the Adirondacks and of the Maine woods. In the strength of his manhood, he longed for hardier exploits. He had been enthralled by James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Series. Deerslayer, with his long rifle, Jasper, Hurry Harry, Ishmael Bush, with his seven stalwart sons, were to him like personal friends. "I have bunked with them," he has said, "and eaten with them. They were mighty men and they did the work of their day and opened the way for ours."

After leaving college, he joined the Meadowbrook Hunt Club and became a gallant rider to hounds. But the call of the wilderness came to him louder and louder. He wanted the real thing and could not be content with the fashionable imitation. The people of his mother's blood had battled with the southern wilds all the way down to the jungles of Florida. His younger brother, Elliott, had been on a great buffalo hunt in Texas and later had come back from India with the most distracting tales of his tiger hunting.

Finally, between legislative sessions, Theodore surrendered to his impulses and started for the Wild West. He left the train in North Dakota at

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the little town of Medora. It was typical of that frontier. There were a few wretched shanties for the settlers and a number of low log buildings for the United States troops, who were there to guard the railroad builders from the Indians. On every side of this rude hamlet, the bare clay buttes, the term which the French pioneers had given to the big hills of that country, rose sheer several hundred feet from the level of the village and made the place seem all the more desolate.

The young visitor from the East sought out two hunters and told them that he wished to go buffalo hunting with them. They were not sure about him. The average Eastern tenderfoot never cared for more than a little buckboard ride over the country to see some of its natural wonders. They doubted if this one knew just what he was bargaining for. Hunting the buffalo then was no fancy pastime, for the lordly bison was fast vanishing, and to hunt him required long trips away from human habitation. One of the guides has recalled that there was something in the "set of his jaw" which assured him that the stranger meant business.

But could he stand it? "He was a slender young

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fellow," this man has said, "and I had my doubts whether he could hold out on a long trip. I expected at least to have to take care of him, saddle his horse, see that he got his grub regularly, and all that sort of thing. I soon found I was mistaken in my man. He paddled his own canoe from the start-off."

The test came the first night out. While the party was asleep, each member with his head on his saddle for a pillow and his horse tied by a rope to the saddle horn, a pack of howling wolves came up and the horses took fright. They ran wildly away, jerking the saddles from under the sleeping heads as they galloped off. The tenderfoot was up and after the runaways, as quickly as either of his guides, and he won the enthusiastic approval of his comrades on that hunt, taking the good and bad as it came and bearing his lot without grumbling.

It was, in truth, a rare chance to see the Wild West in the last glow of its golden age. Soon it was all to vanish and pass into the most romantic chapter of American history. It was Mr. Roosevelt's good fortune to stand on a frontier that even now we can find only in books. Half a dozen years before he visited it in the upper Dakotas the Indians alone

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had possessed it. To-day it is lost in the great realm of civilization. He saw it, and the wild freedom of the vast desolation conquered him.

It was surely the strangest land our race ever dwelt in,—that immense cattle country, whose fenceless pastures stretched from Mexico to British North America and embraced all or parts of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota. At first it was set down in the geographies as a hopeless desert and afterward was believed to be fit for nothing but stock raising.

It was all one great pasture in the day of Mr. Roosevelt's buffalo hunt, and the branding iron took the place of fences. There was little rain, and only short, wiry grass would grow on the parched land. Trees found no place where they could take root except in the very beds of streams, which were dry most of the time. The earth leaped up into steep, barren hills or tumbled into deep valleys. No scenery could be more monotonous, no solitude more dreary.

Yet the cow country held its scattered dwellers in its spell quite as much as the sea holds those who



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follow it. Most of the people of the plains came from the South and the middle West. But it lured the adventurer from the East and from all lands and from all conditions of life. The college-bred from the older states, and the younger sons of European nobles were in the mass of ranchmen and rustlers, half-breeds, and greasers.

There was a French nobleman at Medora, the Marquis de Mores, and the town took its name from the marchioness. The proprietors of the herds lived like Arab sheiks, each with his own brand, which all honest men respected. These cattle barons seldom owned more than a small part of the range over which their beasts grazed, most of it being "free grass" on United States land not yet surveyed. When their branding irons had burned the sign of their ownership on hip, shoulder, or side of a four-legged creature, any one imitating or ignoring the brand was severely punished. Any unbranded cattle belonged to him who would affix his brand to them.

The cowboys might on occasion become the terror of a town, but it must be said that as a rule they were careful of property rights. They hated thieves and

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rowdyish loafers and would kill them as readily as they would kill a snake. The cowboy was a most picturesque figure. As he sat free on his little pony, his knees hardly bent for his long stirrups, the keen eyes in his wind-tanned face searching the horizon, he was a fit subject for the art of the sculptor. On his legs he wore leathern overalls, big revolvers peeped out from under his belt, and a brilliant silk handkerchief was wound about his neck, while a broad-brimmed hat was tilted on his head and big spurs jingled at his heels. He was as simple and free from guile as a child, but as proud as a lord.

His pay usually was \$40 a month and the only use he had for a town was to spend his money in it. Mr. Roosevelt in one of his books of the Wild West has drawn a moving picture of such a town in Miles City, a typical cow town, thronged at times with ranch owners and cowboys, hunters from the Plains, trappers from the mountains in buckskin shirts, stage drivers vain of their fame, blanketed Indians, miners, gamblers, horse thieves, desperadoes, and every kind of "bad men."

It was the lonely and pathless plains that thrilled Mr. Roosevelt with a new joy and opened up to him

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a new life. In "The Wilderness Hunter," he has described the feelings of a man who, like himself, has been brought within the strange charm of that boundless world: "In after years there shall come forever to his mind the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast snow-clad wastes, lying desolate under gray skies; of the melancholy marshes; of the rush of mighty rivers; of the breath of the evergreen forest in summer; of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter; of cataracts roaring between hoary mountain passes; of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness and of the silences that brood in its still depths."

Before his first visit was at an end, he had become a ranchman. He had listened, with increasing interest, to the gossip of his two hunting companions about ranches and ranching. One night he asked them how much money it would take to go into the business. They told him it would spoil the looks of \$45,000. Then he asked how much of that sum would need to be in cash, and they answered that \$10,000 would be enough. In this talk they had in mind a particular place, the Chimney Butte ranch.

push the transaction to a cor
pulse was warm and to picl
references, solely on the streng
ence with them.

CHAPTER VII

AS A RANCHMAN



He turns from domestic sorrows and political reverses, in 1884, to a new life in the solitude of the great cattle country. — Bill Sewall joins him at Elkhorn Ranch on the Little Missouri. — His immense herds. — Hard work on the round-up. — In the saddle for twenty-four hours. — Sleeping in the snow. — Fighting the prairie fires. — Bronco busting. — The long battle for health completely won.

RANCH life began in earnest for Mr. Roosevelt with his political disappointments in 1884.

A far deeper shadow was cast over his life by domestic sorrows in that year. In February, his mother died and two days afterward his wife passed from life as her daughter entered it. By this double blow, he lost his new home and his old. He turned to his public duties with added zeal. When, however, the faction which he opposed gained control in the Chicago convention, and under its leadership his party rushed to defeat at the polls, he faced westward and eagerly welcomed toil and solitude on the distant banks of the Little Missouri.

Ranching became his business rather than his

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pastime and he entered upon the rugged life of the plainsman. He sent for his old friend of the Maine woods, Bill Sewall, and they went to work together. While keeping his ranch at Chimney Butte, a few miles below Medora, he set up another, many miles above that town. There, on a bluff above the Little Missouri, where he found the skulls and interlocked antlers of two big, round-horned elk, who had fought until they perished, he built him a log house and called the place Elkhorn Ranch.

In front of his veranda there was a line of cottonwood trees, which shaded it from the burning sun, and a few feet beyond, the shrunken river flowed. Deer would stare through a little cottonwood grove at night and the noises of many wild things broke the stillness. He raised his chickens and eggs, produced the milk and butter for his table, and grew potatoes enough for his needs, and sometimes other vegetables, when the drought, the frost, or the grasshopper did not prevent. He and his men got their meat with their guns. They cut the firewood and dug the coal for Elkhorn on his ranch. He increased his herds until thousands of head of cattle bore his brand of the Maltese cross.



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These cattle of the cow country were driven up over the trails from Texas in immense numbers, and were fattened for the market on the rich grasses of the Dakotas, as in earlier times they had fattened on the virgin prairies of Illinois and Iowa. No fences confined them to their owner's range. Wherever they roamed his brand protected his ownership. Sometimes they would wander for hundreds of miles and not be captured for a year or more. Twice a year Mr. Roosevelt, as the custom was, would round up all the Maltese herds for the purpose of branding the calves that had been born since the last round-up and for the purpose of "cutting out" all the cattle fat enough to be shipped to market.

On these round-ups Mr. Roosevelt himself has done his share of the hard work. Each day the wagon, carrying the food for the men, would move to a new point, and thither the cowboys would drive in all the cattle they could find. Often this meant a fifty-mile ride in a morning. Many herds would be driven in at noon and into one big band. In the afternoon, the work of branding and selecting would be done, and then all, except those held for shipment, would be loosed till the next round-up several

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months off. The beeves, retained for the market, would be driven along with the wagon, day by day, and at night each cowboy must stand his watch over them for two hours.

A stampede was always to be feared, and at every sign of uneasiness in the herds, the cowboys would try to quiet the beasts by singing to them. Mr. Roosevelt tells in his books of perilous times with his herds, when furious storms raged and panic seized upon the huddled mass of steers. In such emergencies he has kept to his saddle for twenty-four hours at a stretch, only dismounting long enough to get a fresh pony or to snatch a mouthful of food. He made it his business to endure the hardships as well as to enjoy the pleasures of ranching, and on the round-up he has slept out in the snow, wrapped in blankets and tarpaulins, but with no tent to shield him from the freezing cold.

Prairie fires were among the terrors of ranch life. Mr. Roosevelt has told how he helped to fight one of those conflagrations in the cattle country. The wind had lulled at sunset and the fire, which lit up the night with a great reddish glow, was burning in a long, wavy line, when he and his men shot a steer

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and opened its carcass. He and another man then mounted their horses and started on opposite sides of the line of fire, with the beef lying flat on the earth between them, bloody side down. Thus they dragged it along by ropes reaching from its legs to their saddle horns. One of the horsemen spurred his horse over the burning grass while the other rode on the unburned ground, and the weight of the blood smothered the flames as the beef was twitched over them, while two men following on foot beat out whatever fire was left with slickers and wet saddle blankets.

It was not easy for Mr. Roosevelt and his companion to manage their almost crazed horses and keep the carcass on the line. The man on the burning side had to run the risk of a scorching. The horses bucked and bolted and the ropes cut into the thighs of the riders. Down they would plunge into a black ravine, which broke the line of fire, stumbling, sliding, and pitching into holes and bushes, the carcass sometimes catching on a stump; and then up they would leap into the blinding glare of the flames on the other side. When at last the fire was turned, the fighters would sink down, too tired to think of washing their blackened faces.

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After only a little experience in ranching, Mr. Roosevelt learned to sit in his saddle and ride his horse like a life-long plainsman. But he never had a tendency to any special fondness for a bucking bronco, and a story is told of a trick played on him by some friendly persons in Medora. He was sitting in a store waiting for a train that was to bring a guest from the East. While he was in a store, the jokesters substituted his saddle on a notoriously vicious beast which came out, in haste to ride around to the railway station, he did not detect the deception.

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dismounted with a smile of quiet mastery from as meek a creature as ever stood on four legs.

He had no use, however, for a horse whose spirit ran altogether to ugliness. When he first went West, he doubted the theory of the natives that any horse was hopelessly bad. For instance, there was one in the sod-roofed log stable of Elkhorn who had been labelled "The Devil." Mr. Roosevelt believed that gentleness would overcome Devil. The boys thought it might if he should live to be seventy-five. After much patient wooing, Devil actually let Mr. Roosevelt lay his hand on him and pat him. The boys began to think that possibly there was something in this new plan of bronco busting.

One day, however, when his gentle trainer made bold to saddle and mount him, Devil quickly drew his four hoofs together, leaped into the air and came down with a jerk and a thud. Then he finished with a few fancy curves that landed his disillusioned rider a good many yards in front of him. Mr. Roosevelt sprang to his feet and on to the back of the animal. Four times he was thrown, and one of the onlookers has vowed that sometimes he could see twelve acres of land between him and the saddle.

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lly the determined rider manœuvred Devil on
to a quicksand, where bucking is impossible, and
n at last he was driven back to solid earth b
like a lamb.

this rough life of the range the young ranc
conquered forever the physical weaknesses o
youth and put on that rude strength which ha
bled him to stand before the world, a model o
rous manhood.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE ON THE PLAINS



The young master of Elkhorn Ranch wins the respect of the honest plainsmen by his Rooseveltian frankness. — No use for "bad men." — Knocking down a bar-room rowdy who commanded the Easterner to treat the crowd. — Calling down a notorious shooting man. — Teaching a French Marquis a new code of honor. Plain speaking to a corrupt sheriff. — Pursuing horse-thieves a hundred and fifty miles and landing them in jail. — Fourth of July oration. — Hunting and writing his two pastimes.

THE young master of Elkhorn Ranch, brave, outspoken, and always ready to bear his full share of toil and hardship, was not long in winning the respect and hearty good-will of the bluff, honest men of the Bad Lands. They forgave him his Murray Hill breeding, his Harvard English, his gold-rimmed eye-glasses and his fringed Angora "chaps," or riding overalls, when they saw that he asked no favor, shirked no labor, and ran from no danger. They, the real plainsmen, had no more use than he for braggarts and brawlers, and he never hesitated to show his contempt for the swaggering "bad men" of his region.

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While he was yet a stranger in the cattle lands
a challenge was thrust upon him to let it be known
that he could not be bullied. It was in a tavern,
where he was obliged to stay over night, and where
the bar-room was the only lounging place. A noisy
crowd, with pistols sticking out from under his belt,
breathing slaughter, picked on the quiet, blue-
eyed Easterner as the butt of his rough jests. As
Roosevelt did not resent his talk, the bully finally
grew bold to order him to step up to the bar and
buy drinks for the crowd. Mr. Roosevelt seemed



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to rise and disappear from the scene of his humiliation, where all the spectators assured Mr. Roosevelt that he had "served him right."

Because he found himself in a community where many were supposed to go about with their fingers on the triggers of their "guns," Mr. Roosevelt did not seem to change his habits of plain speaking. The older inhabitants of the Plains were amazed more than once by the frankness with which he stood up to men with several notches on the handles of their revolvers. The editor of *The Bad Lands Cowboy* has told of a scene of this kind which took place in his office, where Mr. Roosevelt used to drop in and gossip with his widely scattered neighbors. He had listened with manifest disgust to the low talk of one of the most noted "bad men" in the country, on the occasion which the editor has recalled.

Mr. Roosevelt knew that this man had well earned his repute for badness and was always ready to shoot up things on the least provocation. Nevertheless, when he was thoroughly tired of the fellow's tales, it did not occur to him to be afraid to say so. On the contrary, he looked him straight in the eye and, speaking in a low voice and "skinning his teeth,"

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“Jim, I like you; but you are the nastiest-
g man I ever heard.” This candor took the
away from the men who were sitting around
ice, and every eye was on Jim’s right hand to
he would pull his “gun.” Instead of that, they
sheepish look come into his hard face and
him say, in a tone of apology: “I don’t be-
o your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I am not
en to you for anything. All the same, I don’t
saying that mebbe I’ve been a little too free
ny mouth.” Jim knew that he had been told
ok for once, and without fear and without

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This ambition brought him into conflict, from time to time, with his independent neighbors.

He found offence once in a report that came to him of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct, and he sent him a note, saying, "There is a way for gentlemen to settle their difficulties." Mr. Roosevelt of course understood the meaning of this language in the duelling code. But he ignored the challenge, because he was not a duellist. He promptly wrote to the Marquis that the report was a lie and that a gentleman had no right to believe such a thing without evidence. Moreover, he informed him that within an hour he would follow this note in person. When Mr. Roosevelt rode upon the ranch of the French nobleman, some ten or fifteen miles from Elkhorn, a courier met him with the Marquis' apology and an urgent invitation to dinner. By this simple method of "settling difficulties between gentlemen" no one was killed or scratched and the old-fashioned aristocrat was instructed in a more modern code of honor.

Mr. Roosevelt carried his frankness even to the point of telling a sheriff, whom he believed to be corrupt and worthless, just what he thought of him

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public official. Too often the men of the Wild
had to take the law into their own hands
er to protect themselves. One committee of
res shot or hanged nearly sixty outlaws. Mr.
elt believed in order on the Plains quite as
as in New York, and, when occasion offered,
his part toward suppressing disorder out there.
e, on returning to his ranch, he found that
horse-thieves, in making their escape, had
his boat. They felt sure that this would make
afe from pursuit because there was no other
Bill Sewall, however, built a rude craft in

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hardly make himself understood in English. The thieves, two in number, made their appearance towards dark. They were in the stolen boat. Mr. Roosevelt and one of his men crept down by the river, where they sprang from their hiding as the outlaws drew near and covered them with their guns. There was nothing for the men in the boat to do but to throw up their hands and surrender.

Nearly a week was required to take the captives to the county seat, a distance of two hundred miles. The boats stuck in ice-jams and were almost upset. Each night a fire was built on the river bank and the two culprits were compelled to lie on opposite sides of it, while Mr. Roosevelt sat on watch until midnight and the rest of the night was divided between his two assistants.

Any one who knows the spirit of the Plains in the primitive days does not need to be told that examples like these of pluck and frankness made Mr. Roosevelt a great favorite. For twenty years and more, the men of the Bad Lands have sworn by his name. They were proud to have him as their Fourth of July orator at Dickinson, the county seat, in his ranching days, and his friendships were made among all

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and conditions of people. He has set down in his books such striking names of friends as Dutch Stryker, Windy Jack, and Kid Williams.

For more than twelve years he kept Elkhorn Ranch, and his love of the grim and boundless plains of the West country grew deep. He hunted all over it and the Rockies beyond. Sometimes he would take a horse and go off alone for three or four days, with a slicker, or waterproof coat, behind the saddle, and some salt and hardtack as his sole provisions. Once it chanced that he had no water to drink



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music to his ears; "the guttural booming and clucking of the prairie fowl and the great sage fowl in spring," are among the notes he has described in his books, and "the honking of gangs of wild geese, as they fly in rapid wedges; the bark of an eagle, wheeling in the shadow of storm-scarred cliffs; or the far-off clanging of many sand-hill cranes, soaring high overhead in circles, which cross and recross at an incredible altitude. Wilder yet and stranger are the cries of the great four-footed beasts; the rhythmic pealing of a bull elk's challenge, and that most sinister and mournful sound, ever fraught with foreboding of murder and rapine, the long-drawn baying of the gray wolf."

While most of his Wild West days were given to action, Mr. Roosevelt never was without his books. Even when he went forth with nothing but hard-tack to eat and nothing but his buffalo bag in which to sleep, he was likely to find a place somewhere for a book or two. Moreover, his best writing was inspired by the Plains. In the quiet times on the ranch he wrote, at first for the magazines, stories of his legislative experiences and of his ranching and hunting. In that period, too, he wrote the "Life

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Thomas Hart Benton," the first statesman from the Mississippi; and the most important contribution he has made to historical literature, "Winning of the West," was an inspiration of the Nebraska plains.



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CHAPTER IX

REËNTERS POLITICS

Called from his ranch to be a candidate for mayor of New York in the fall of 1886. — Defeated, but satisfied with his lively campaign. — December 2, 1886, marries Miss Edith Kermit Carow in London. — The bride and groom friends from childhood. — Her English and American ancestors. — On the stump for Harrison in 1888. — Appointed on the National Civil Service Commission, May, 1889. — A fighting member, he has pitched battles with postmasters and collectors, representatives and senators, and even a Cabinet officer.

BESIDE the open fire at Elkhorn, Mr. Roosevelt read in a New York newspaper that he had been nominated for mayor of the great metropolis by the Independents. That was in the fall of 1886. He accepted the recall to public duty and started at once for the East. His own party gave him its nomination and he stood as the Republican candidate for the chief magistracy of New York.

There was small hope of success at the polls in a constituency so strongly Democratic. Nevertheless, he went in as if he meant to win, and soon the ranchman from the Bad Lands was going from ward

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to ward of the city, speaking in halls and in the streets.

When the expected defeat came, Mr. Roosevelt, free from disappointment and satisfied with the lively canvass which he had made, sailed for England. There, shortly after his arrival, he led to the marriage altar Miss Edith Kermit Carow. The ceremony was in famous St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, and it was performed by a canon of the English Church, who was a cousin of the bride.

Although she is an American and a New Yorker, Mrs. Roosevelt's great-grandfather, Benjamin Lee, was an Englishman who served in the British navy in the war of the American Revolution. For disobeying orders, which he thought were unjust to prisoners in his care, he was sentenced to be shot, and his life was saved only by the intercession of a fellow-officer, who afterward was known as William IV., the sailor king of Great Britain. Lee came to America and rose to be a captain in the navy of the United States.

Another great-grandfather of Mr. Roosevelt's bride fought under General Putnam at Bunker Hill.

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Mrs. Roosevelt also may trace descent to the family of Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated divine. The name Carow was originally Quereau and was borne by a family of French Huguenots, who settled in New York about the time that the Roosevelts came from Holland.

Mr. Roosevelt had known Edith Kermit Carow from his early boyhood. Her home was not far away in Union Square and she and his sister Corinne were schoolmates. She was a cultivated young woman, who had travelled a good deal. At the time of their marriage, she was twenty-five and he had lately passed his twenty-eighth birthday. All who knew them and their sympathetic tastes foretold the happiness which has attended their union. After a stay in Europe, lasting several months, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York, where he took up his literary work and renewed his political connections.

The bosses had no more use for him now than in earlier years. They would not think of giving him a chance to get into any position where his independence would make trouble for them. When they were distributing honors, nominating members

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of Congress or sending delegates to conventions, they carefully ignored him.

A celebration of a reform victory in the politics of the city of Brooklyn gave Mr. Roosevelt a chance to do a characteristic thing. He told the jubilant reformers a little story of how a man of their city, who had stood for reform, had been neglected by them. This man was Peter Kelley, a Democrat, who had been a member of the Legislature with him and who had taken his stand for the right so boldly at Albany that the bosses had barred him from office and from all chances to get ahead.

Kelley's health had failed, but Mr. Roosevelt did not, of course, tell how he had personally looked after his welfare and helped to keep him from actual want. He did tell his audience, however, that the people, in whose cause Kelley made his sacrifice, had forgotten him, and, addressing the newly elected officials, told them that they owed it to good government to seek out this martyr in their city and honor him. When he sat down, many of them came to him, and the mayor said he would hunt up the man at once. The next day Mr. Roosevelt received a letter from the mayor, saying: "At nine o'clock last night

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I told you I had a place for Peter Kelley. He died at eleven."

Mr. Roosevelt still owned Elkhorn Ranch, and for several years more he passed most of his vacations on the Plains. His active ranching days, however, were over. The time had come for him to settle down as a man of family and to give to the public service some of that vigor which he had gained in the Wild West.

He went on the stump for General Harrison in the presidential campaign of 1888, and when the newly elected President was forming his administration, he offered his services. He hoped to be appointed Assistant Secretary of State. But Mr. Blaine, who had been made chief of that department, objected to the young anti-Blaine leader in the Chicago convention of 1884, and President Harrison tendered him a place on the Civil Service Commission, which he accepted. No politician cared for this thankless task. But he moved to Washington and entered upon his duties with characteristic energy.

The Commission was in small favor. It had been established only a few years, its work was little un-

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derstood, and some of its opponents still hoped that it would be abandoned and the old patronage system restored. Under that system, the tens of thousands of government employees, from highest to lowest, clerks, letter-carriers, and every kind of public servant, were chosen by favor and were in constant peril of losing their places to newer and stronger favorites. No one could get the smallest appointment unless he was a member of the party in power and had influence with some leader in politics. At each election, every office-holder, from scrub-woman up, was assessed a certain portion of the salary received, for the benefit of the campaign fund.

Mr. Roosevelt was one of the chief enemies of the patronage or spoils system. As a lover of fair play he hated it, and he was the author of the first law which sought to abolish it in New York. He took up the work of the new system in Washington with such zeal that he soon drew the fire of all its opponents. He was never the head of the Commission, but, while he remained on it, he was the favorite target for all the criticism which its work incurred. It was looked upon by every one as a Roosevelt commission.

The duty of the commissioners was to see that the

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civil service law was enforced throughout all the departments, regardless of the unfriendliness of many of the department chiefs and congressmen and senators. Certain rules prescribed the methods of selecting government employees by competitive examinations, fairly conducted and open to all. There was a constant struggle all over the country to evade these rules, and to slip in political favorites without examinations. This gave Commissioner Roosevelt plenty of fighting to his taste. He had pitched battles with influential postmasters and collectors in various parts of the country, with powerful congressmen and senators and with at least one member of the President's Cabinet itself.

In a magazine article he sketched the kind of persistent warfare that he was called on to wage: "There is a certain order of intellect — sometimes an order of senatorial intellect — which thinks it funny to state that a first-class young man, thoroughly qualified in every respect, has been rejected for the position of letter-carrier, because he was unable to tell the distance from Hong Kong to the mouth of the Yangtsekiang, or answer questions of a similar nature. A senator, for instance, makes statements

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character. I then write to him and ask him
evidence for such an assertion. Presumably
he receives my letter, for he never answers it.
I write to him again with no better results. I then
find a contradiction in the newspapers. Then
an enterprising correspondent interviews him and
says the question is true, but it is beneath his
dignity to reply to Mr. Roosevelt."

Mr. Roosevelt was a member, the Com-
mission adopted many common-sense measures
to bring public employment within reach of

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the party in power, were generally suspicious of the Commission. Mr. Roosevelt assembled the correspondents of the Southern press, and, through them, said to the people of that section: "This is an institution not for Republicans and not for Democrats, but for the whole American people. It belongs to them and will be administered as long as I stay here in their interest without discrimination." The young men of the South responded to this open invitation and began to take the examinations and receive appointments, all of which had the effect on public opinion which Mr. Roosevelt had sought. The Southern people knew his national reputation for saying what he meant and they took him at his word.

When an independent mayor was chosen in New York, Mr. Roosevelt was anxious to have a hand in the government of his native city. At first he was offered the place of Street Cleaning Commissioner. He thought he had no special fitness for the work of that department and declined the appointment. Then he was appointed President of the Board of Police Commissioners, an office which he accepted with enthusiasm.

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had been six years on the Civil Service Commission at Washington and naturally felt that he had done all that he could in that work. He had seen the system greatly extended and had done more than any other man to make the system understood and appreciated by the people at large.

Consequently, he had gained a close insight into the organization and operation of the entire executive department of the national government, a rare experience which would serve him well in due time.

CHAPTER X

AT THE HEAD OF THE NEW YORK POLICE



President of the New York Police Commission, under Mayor Strong, from May, 1895, to April, 1897. — Wrestling with one of the most corrupt bodies in the world. — Stopping blackmail and political influence. — Loafing patrolmen surprised by the Commissioner at all hours of the night and in all sections of the city. — Enforcing the Sunday liquor law. — Turns German jeers into cheers. — Praise from the saloon-keepers. — The boon to the poor of the East Side from closing saloons on Sunday. — Seizing unfit tenement houses. — Protecting an anti-Jewish agitator with Jewish policemen.


As president of the New York Police Board, Mr. Roosevelt was only one of four members. He went to work with such vigor, however that the public held him responsible for the entire Commission. The mayor himself was overshadowed. National attention was drawn to a merely local office, and the press of the country discussed this police commissioner and his running fight for law and order in the metropolis, as a subject of general interest.

A Washington newspaper correspondent, describing his call at the office of the Commission in Mulberry Street, wrote: "Theodore Roosevelt is

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gest man in New York to-day. I saw a stream of men going up and down stairs, ed to the second floor of the police head-. It was the crowd which moves in and out Roosevelt's rooms all day long. He has more than the President of the United States."

Roosevelt was, in fact, the commander of a ny in the field, an army charged with the battling with the swarming enemies of the a great city. This army had its scouts, ctives, its patrolling sentries, its mounted



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had turned Tammany Hall out of power and elected the new city government under which Mr. Roosevelt had taken service.

His first purpose was to establish order and honesty in the police force. He found that most of the men wished to do right. But all were demoralized by the conditions under which they worked. There had been a regular and well-known price for promotions. A man could not be appointed a policeman until he had paid from \$200 to \$300, and to be promoted to a captaincy cost as high as \$12,000 to \$15,000. To get their money back they had to blackmail the lawless elements in the population.

Mr. Roosevelt instantly stopped the system of paying for promotions. He punished the guilty members of the force without fear or favor and advanced the deserving without regard to outside influence. No amount of political pressure could make him spare the corrupt or reward the unworthy.

It was not long before the suspicion and even the hatred with which the police had viewed him in the beginning turned to confidence and even affection among the well-meaning patrolmen. They saw that at last every man had a show on his own merits.

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was at an end. The new man at head-
did not care anything about their politics
r religion, or give the snap of his finger for
and political leaders. Any one of the
s under him could walk into his office and
d. The policeman without a powerful
d with only a clean record to speak for him,
stood some chance against those who relied
cal pull.

l of daring would bring a medal or perhaps
tion. An old veteran on the water front
life by plunging into the icy harbor. The



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some very amusing experiences with surprised policemen.

A patrolman, sitting on a box with a companion in a poor part of the East Side at 2.30 one morning, was startled by a man whirling upon him from around the corner and snapping out, "Patrolman, are you doing your duty on post 27?" Then he was gone as quickly as he came, the astounded patrolman running after him, and stammering his excuses. "That will do," Mr. Roosevelt said. "You are following me off post. Go back to your beat, now, and report at headquarters at 9.30 in the morning."

On another night investigation a roundsman was come upon, gossiping with two patrolmen, whom he was charged to oversee.

"Which of you men belong here?" the unheralded visitor demanded.

"What business is that of yours?" was the insolent reply.

"Which of you is covering beat 31?" the inquiring stranger persisted. He had turned and the rays of the gas at the corner now lighted his face. Then all three recognized him and tried to speak at once, while he hurried on, with the parting command:

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may call on me at 9.30 in the morning. I
time to listen to you now."

the midnight visits, which led some wit to call
around al Roosevelt, spread a wholesome
among the neglectful. The police began to
their restless chief at every corner, and the
th which they peered through the night for
of his teeth introduced that now familiar
ltian feature to national notice for the first
The cartoonist delighted in picturing scared
en "seeing things at night" in the form of a
eth shining in the inky darkness.



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down upon the counsel table, this guardian of the peace concluded: "Order must be maintained, and, make no mistake, I will maintain it." No one who heard these words could doubt their meaning or force. They went forth into the streets and had a greater influence for order than the clubs of a thousand policemen.

Mr. Roosevelt found, soon after entering upon his duties, that no amount of vigilance on his part could make the force honest unless the Commission itself honestly tried to enforce all the laws alike. The law directing the closing of liquor saloons on Sunday never had been enforced against a large number of favored saloon-keepers. The public sentiment of a city as big as New York and made up of so many different races, with customs which they had brought with them from foreign lands, seemed opposed to a complete and impartial shutting of the doors of bar-rooms on Sunday.

No commission ever had pretended to apply the law to "friendly" places. Nearly two-thirds of the leaders of Tammany Hall were or had been in the liquor business and any saloon-keeper with sufficient influence was never troubled. Finally any one who

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pay enough blackmail could keep open, while those who did not succeed in satisfying the police were ruined if they tried to do any business on Sundays. Roosevelt determined to wipe out this source of corruption by compelling the police to close all saloons. He expressed no opinion on the merits of the law itself, and adopted the policy of enforcing it strictly for the sake of stopping the old policy of discrimination and general blackmail. There was a furious outcry against him and his Puritanism. He was ruining the prosperity of the city.



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policy. A monster parade was planned as an expression of their protest. Invitations were sent to all the city officials, but when Mr. Roosevelt appeared on the reviewing stand, there was amazement. The people there were no less amazed than one of the paraders, a veteran of the Franco-German War, who, unaware of the presence of the man against whom he was marching, shouted as he approached the reviewing party, "*Wo ist der Roosevelt?*" ("Where is Roosevelt?") The old fellow was dumfounded to see the smiling face of the Commissioner looking down upon him, and to hear him answer: "*Hier bin ich. Was willst du, Kamrad?*" ("Here I am. What do you wish, Comrade?") He recovered in time to "Hoch! Hoch!" for Roosevelt, who beamed with good nature throughout the hostile demonstration.

When two carriages passed, one bearing a sign, "Roosevelt's Razzle Dazzle Racket," and the other a card reading, "Send the Police Czar to Russia," he despatched a policeman to beg the gift of them as souvenirs of the occasion. The men in the carriages were bewildered by the request, but obligingly granted it.

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When the parade was ended the crowd caught his
and there were cheers for him from those who
came to jeer. "Bully for Teddy!" "He's
!" and "Good boy!" he heard them shout,
When he left the stand he could truthfully assure
the committee that he had had "a bully time." After
there was something those sturdy German citizens
besides their Sunday beer, and that was a man
.

Roosevelt had heard much from the press and
politicians of the awful wrong he was doing

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week, as now, with a full force of men for their shops. Happy mothers took their children from public institutions, where they had been placed in terror of drunken fathers.


Even the liquor-dealers, yes, the saloon-keepers themselves, through the editor of their official paper, were moved to say: "The present police commissioners are honestly endeavoring to have the law impartially carried out. They are no respecters of persons. And our information from all classes of liquor-dealers is that the rich and the poor, the influential and the uninfluential, are required equally to obey the law."

There were thirteen thousand saloons in New York. Before Mr. Roosevelt took office hundreds of those saloons were compelled to close. In the year previous there had been more than ten thousand arrests for violations of the Sunday liquor law. At the same time thousands of saloons, paying hundreds of thousands of dollars in blackmail, were allowed to keep wide open. Under Mr. Roosevelt all alike were closed, and it was done without making half as many arrests, while that form of blackmail ceased entirely. It was an impressive example of law enforcement and the "square deal."



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There was a tenement-house law, which had been
ignored as the Sunday law. This statute au-
thorized the destruction of unfit tenements, "infant
tenement houses," as they had been rightly termed.
Many of them had been duly condemned, but they
were still standing when Mr. Roosevelt came into
office. As President of the Police Board he had a seat
on the Board of Health, and he promptly seized
up the hundred wretched and crowded hives of the
poor. The effect of his measures was shown
in a lower death rate. In one neighborhood it fell
from nineteen thousand to sixteen, which was less



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Then he sent for a police inspector and said: "Select thirty good, trusty, intelligent Jewish members of the force, men whose faces most clearly show their race, and order them to report to me in a body."

When the thirty chosen representatives of the chosen people stood before him a broad smile of satisfaction spread over his face, for he had never seen a more Hebraic assemblage in his life.

"Now," he said to these policemen, "I am going to assign you men to the most honorable service you have ever done, the protection of an enemy, and the defence of religious liberty and free speech in the chief city of the United States. You all know who and what Dr. Ahlwart is. I am going to put you in charge of the hall where he lectures and hold you responsible for perfect order throughout the evening. I have no more sympathy with Jew baiting than you have. But this is a country where your people are free to think and speak as they choose in religious matters, as long as they do not interfere with the peace and comfort of their neighbors, and Dr. Ahlwart is entitled to the same privilege. It should be your pride to see that he is protected in it; that will be the finest way of showing your appreciation

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erty you yourselves enjoy under the American flag." The thirty saluted and marched silently to perform their novel duty.

When the Jew baiters came to the hall, looking for a crowd of Jews, they could hardly believe their eyes, they saw the place guarded at every approach and the interior lined by those uniformed Jewish protectors. The agitator and his followers walked between two stern, solemn Jewish policemen, standing rigid and stiff as statues. The Jews, moreover, who were bent on disturbing the meeting, were deterred by the mere presence of their brethren,



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to serve in the broader field of the national government. The standard of honesty which he set in police affairs has not since been lowered, without disastrous results to those responsible for it. He showed the people of the city that wholesale graft was not a necessary evil, and the lesson has never been forgotten.

CHAPTER XI

GETTING READY FOR WAR



1897, appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. — The
reluctantly let him have an office where "he can do no
— The prophet of the coming war with Spain. —
— "The tools of the navy." — Reorganizing the
personnel. — Giving the "men behind the guns" a chance
how to shoot. — President McKinley and his Cabinet
the ardent Assistant Secretary to a Cabinet meeting and
he amused by his advice as to how the war may be
— Buying vessels. — On the War Board. — The war



MR. ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



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and learn. This was all he asked now of his party, when, once more in complete control of the government, it was distributing, with a lavish hand, the honors of office.

It was well that he was so modest in his ambition. For it must be admitted that the political leaders distrusted him as much as ever. His outspoken independence annoyed them. They never could be sure what he would say or do next. Their lack of confidence had been communicated to the country generally, which looked upon him as an honest and patriotic man, but impulsive and unsafe. To give him a free hand in a place of power was a thing unthought of.

Fortunately, he was content merely to serve, and he asked for nothing more than the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy Department. This was a place in small demand, for it promised little in salary or fame. Mr. Roosevelt, however, never had made his living in a public office, and as for fame, he had found that it was sure to follow him wherever he made himself useful to the public. No office, however obscure, could bury a man of his restless spirit.

Nevertheless, it looked for a while as if he might

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ed even an assistant secretaryship, and Platt of New York was reluctant to forego his own position to the appointment. The "easy boss," Platt styled himself, finally was persuaded not to object to Mr. Roosevelt's appointment to an office which "could do no harm."

Mr. Roosevelt, he was attracted to the place by his early interest in the American navy, whose needs in the War of 1812 he had recorded in his historical work. Moreover, he felt that it was urgently necessary to strengthen this arm of



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of the starving and the imprisoned, stirred our people and swelled the popular demand that our government should stop the useless warfare, which was making a desert of a fertile island, closely bound to us in trade.

On the other hand, although our ships were patrolling the coast in an honest effort to prevent the shipment of arms from our ports to the Cubans, Spain constantly complained that we were helping her rebellious subjects, contrary to our treaty pledges and the law of nations. This was the sensitive condition of affairs when Mr. Roosevelt applied for a place in the Navy Department, and the conditions grew worse with each succeeding month.

One of the first tasks which he took up, when seated at his new desk, was the reorganization of the system of rank and promotion among naval officers. This represented a long-standing grievance, which many men had tried to redress, but all efforts had failed from a lack of agreement among the officers themselves. Mr. Roosevelt was made chairman of a board charged with the duty of bringing the conflicting elements into harmony and of establishing a just system. The swiftness with which he despatched

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the work made many gray heads swim in the slow-going department. By his fairness and diplomacy, however, he soon won the confidence of the rival branches of the naval service and brought them together in support of a plan which was adopted, to the great relief of all concerned.

Target practice was another subject to which the new Assistant Secretary gave prompt and vigorous attention. The navy had its big ships with their big guns, but the "men behind the guns" had little chance to learn how to fire them. Mr. Roosevelt saw that a liberal supply of ammunition was issued, and with it went orders for target practice. A committee of Congress, which asked what had been done with so much powder, was told by Mr. Roosevelt that he had burnt it all up and that he wanted as much more for the same purpose.

He was battling all the time with the red tape of the department, for which he had no more respect than for a tangle of weeds at his feet. A board of officers, with which he had to meet, tried his patience sorely. One day, as the other members were leaving, after a long and useless session, Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if Noah had been obliged

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to consult such a commission as this about building the ark, it wouldn't be built now."

With the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana it was no longer possible for the most conservative to ignore the gravity of the situation in the Antilles. Mr. Roosevelt now found a more ready support in his work, which he described as "sharpening the tools of the navy." That awful disaster made it plain to nearly every one that our own peace and safety would remain in peril as long as we suffered this neighborhood quarrel to rage about us. The activity of the Navy Department was instantly increased, and Mr. Roosevelt came to be hailed as the prophet of the occasion. The following despatch, sent only ten days after the sinking of the *Maine*, is part of our naval history:—

WASHINGTON, February 25, 1898.

DEWEY, HONG KONG :

Secret and confidential. — Order the squadron, except the *Monocacy*, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war with Spain, your duty will be to see that Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep Olympia until further orders.

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persons in high places were alarmed or by Mr. Roosevelt's militant spirit. President they, for one, was inclined to smile at his im- Assistant Secretary. When Spain collected a warships, Mr. Roosevelt advised the President er frankly that if she sent them across the this government would regard it as an act Mr. McKinley laughingly told his Cabinet

“Roosevelt has the whole programme of the pped out,” he said. The Cabinet liked a joke as the chief, and the President was urged to



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sending the fleet, and there is at least a possibility that war might have been averted by such a bold stroke of frankness. The sailing of the ships was a hostile act aimed at this country alone, for, as Mr. Roosevelt told the Cabinet, there was no other navy than ours in these waters. The Cubans had no boats and were nowhere in range of naval guns.

If Mr. Roosevelt did not prevail in council, he was able to do much toward getting the navy ready for what he was convinced was the inevitable. "His activity was characteristic," Secretary Long has said. "He was zealous in the work of putting the navy in condition for the apprehended struggle. His ardor sometimes went faster than the President or the Department approved." It certainly went faster than the other arm of the service, the War Department, for the total unpreparedness of the army, when hostilities began, stands as one of the unhappy chapters in the history of our military administration.

It was Mr. Roosevelt's special duty to buy vessels for the navy to be used as transports and for carrying coal and supplies. He expended millions of dollars

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ork. The prices put upon the boats by their
were often shamefully unreasonable, and at
r. Roosevelt could not repress his hot
ion toward those who thus took advantage
country in time of war.

st assignment in the Department was as a
of the War Board, charged with the duty
ng the ships and watching the enemy. But
he war came he said: "There is nothing
t me to do here. I must get into the fight
It is a just war, and the sooner we meet
better. Now that it has come I have no



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throw himself into the strife of arms, for this man, "with the dash of Henry of Navarre," as Secretary Long said, but "without any of his vices," must obey the sage: —

Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

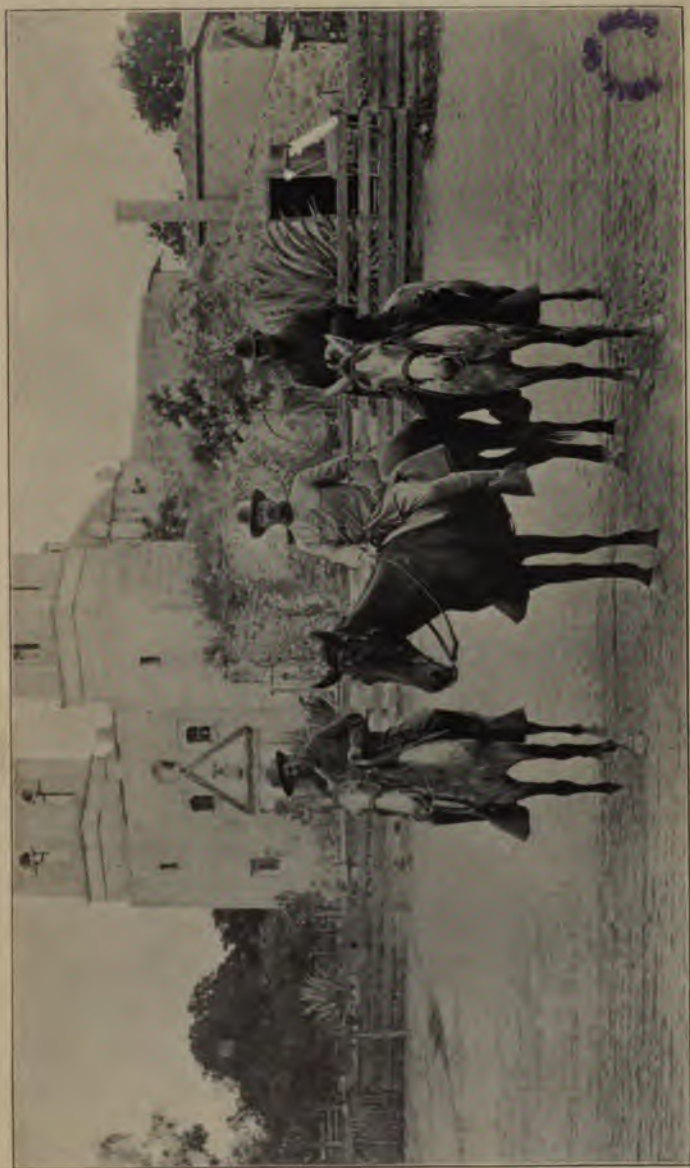
CHAPTER XII

ORGANIZING THE ROUGH RIDERS

Roosevelt is offered the command of the First Regiment United States Volunteer Cavalry, "The Rough Riders," but asks that Leonard Wood be made colonel and he lieutenant-colonel. — Sworn in May 6, 1898. — The plainsmen and mountaineers aflame to join the unique regiment. — College-bred youths of the East equally eager to enlist in the ranks. — May 9-19, 1898, Rough Riders organized at San Antonio, Texas. — The strangest comrades ever gathered under the flag. — A New York clubman cooking for a New Mexican troop. — Swells and cowboys, gamblers and Indians, shoulder to shoulder. — Queer mascots at San Antonio.

BEFORE he thought of raising a regiment of his own, Mr. Roosevelt tried other ways of going to the war with Spain. At first he wished to be appointed on General Fitzhugh Lee's staff, but finally preferred a place in the line. He turned to New York, in the hope that he might be made one of the field officers of the 71st Regiment from that state. The Governor, however, was embarrassed with many applications.

At last, he adopted the plan of recruiting a regiment among the men of his old Wild West, and Secretary Alger offered to make him the colonel of such a command. Roosevelt's only military experience,



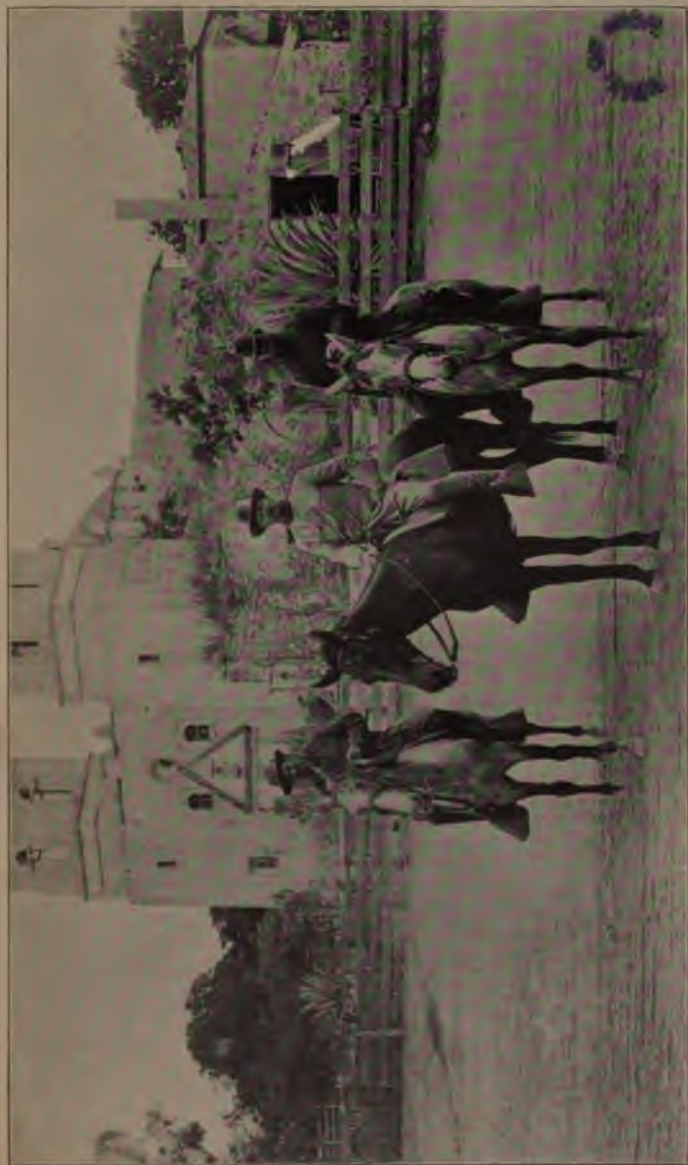
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

CHAPTER XII

ORGANIZING THE ROUGH RIDERS



It is offered the command of the First Regiment United States Volunteer Cavalry, "The Rough Riders," but asks that Ward Wood be made colonel and he lieutenant-colonel. — On May 6, 1898. — The plainsmen and mountaineers come to join the unique regiment. — College-bred youths of all casts equally eager to enlist in the ranks. — May 9-10, 1898, the Rough Riders organized at San Antonio, Texas. — The strangest assemblage ever gathered under the flag. — A New York club-cooking for a New Mexican troop. — Swells and cow-boys, gamblers and Indians, shoulder to shoulder. — Queer sights at San Antonio.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

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from his own state, Massachusetts. He welcomed the chance to join his friend in raising the Western regiment, and, with high ardor, they entered upon their duties.

The office of the Assistant Secretary in the Navy Department took on the air of a cavalry camp, with its saddles and bridles and spurs strewn about, and its air of martial bustle.

The plan of a Western regiment set the plainsmen and the mountaineers aflame with excitement. They telegraphed offers of their services, singly and in hastily formed bands. People began to speak of the picturesque organization as "The Rough Riders," a term borrowed from the circus. The idea seized upon the imagination of adventurous Eastern youth. From the South, and indeed from all directions, applications flowed in a torrent.

No one caught the contagion of the Roosevelt spirit more quickly than the college athletes of the East. Young men of education and fortune pressed more earnestly for a chance to serve in the ranks under Roosevelt, than to gain commissions from the President as officers of other commands. While he had to decline applications by the thousands,

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Mr. Roosevelt determined to accept a sufficient number of picked men, of athletic tastes, from the older states to form a troop.

A most remarkable lot of private soldiers they proved to be, when they came to Washington to be mustered in. There were among them graduates of all the famous colleges, members of the most fashionable clubs of New York and Boston, and troopers from the fancy mounted militia of the big cities. There were the celebrated tennis champion and the next best player; a captain of a Harvard crew and one of his men; two foot-ball players from Princeton; two noted track athletes from Yale; two polo players from Mr. Roosevelt's old team at Oyster Bay; a celebrated steeplechase rider from New York; a captain of a Columbia crew, and there were New York policemen, anxious to serve again under their old Commissioner.

As this unusual troop was about to be mustered in, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt addressed a few remarks to them in this vein: "Gentlemen: You have now reached the last point. If any one of you doesn't mean business, let him say so now. An hour from now it will be too late to back out. Once you are in,

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ot to see it through. You've got to per-
hout flinching, whatever duty is assigned
regardless of the difficulty or the danger


it. You must know how to ride, you must
w to shoot, you must know how to live in

Absolute obedience to every command is
lesson. No matter what comes you mustn't

Think it over, all of you. If any man wants
aw, he will be gladly excused, for there are

s who are anxious to have places in this regi-
It is needless to say that no one backed out.

nant colonel added "There are not enough



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said to him, as he jerked his thumb toward the ordinary day coach provided by the government; "that's where you belong." There was no "squealing;" the high private abandoned his section, saluted, and went back in the train, to find half a seat in which to bunk all the way to Texas.

When the men from the East arrived at San Antonio, they were permitted to have one last taste of their accustomed luxuries. They went to the best hotel and ordered the best breakfast that the house could serve. After they had eaten it they declared, "It's all off after this," and cheerfully entered upon the simple life of the camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, after succeeding in getting the very latest arms and equipment, with smokeless powder, joined the regiment and took up the work of getting it into shape for service. He found the most strangely assorted command that ever had assembled under the stars and stripes. With the exception of fifty men from the East, the force was drawn from the great cattle country, which he knew so well, and from the mountains which he had roamed on his hunting trips. The men had come from lonely hunters' cabins and shifting cow camps.

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The captains and lieutenants were sometimes graduates of the regular army, who had settled in the West. Other officers had been sheriffs and deputy sheriffs, United States marshals and deputy marshals, men who had fought Indians and white bandits.

Captain "Bucky" O'Neill, mayor of Prescott, Arizona, had faced the Apaches, and his father had fought in Meagher's brigade in the Civil War. Captain Llewellyn, of New Mexico, had been shot four times in battles with Indians and outlaws. Major Brodie was a West Pointer, who had been out of the army for twenty years. Allen Capron was fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army. Lieutenant McIlhenny was a Louisiana planter, who owned an island. Captain Jenkins of South Carolina was the son of a Confederate general. Captain Luna of New Mexico was a pure-blooded Spaniard, although his people had lived in New Mexico before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth. Sergeant Darry had been Speaker of the House in the Legislature of New Mexico. There was a big Australian who had served in the bush, and there were a half-dozen Texas rangers. Some were professional gamblers of the frontier.

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There were Cherokee Bill, Happy Jack, Smoky Moore, Rattlesnake Pete, and there were Cherokee, Chickasaw, Creek, and Pawnee Indians. There was an ex-city marshal of Dodge City, Kansas, whose ear had been "bitten off," as he explained. A sharpshooter from the North Carolina mountains and a bear hunter from Wyoming mingled with a buffalo hunter, a pursuer of moonshine stills, stage drivers, miners, and cow punchers. One man had been chief of scouts in the Riel Rebellion, in the Canadian Northwest, and there was McGinty, a famous bronco buster, who couldn't keep step on parade for the simple reason that he had walked so little. A trumpeter was an Italian who had been a soldier in Egypt and China.

After a few days of reserve on both sides, the curled darlings of the Eastern cities and the bronzed rustlers from the Wild West were merged in an indistinguishable mass of good fellowship. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt found his old friend Woodbury Kane, huntsman and yachtsman, serving as cook and dish-washer for some New Mexicans, and "doing it well," as one of his superiors said. The Westerners delighted in giving ironical nicknames to the Easterners.


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A fastidious member of an Eastern club became "Tough Ike," and his bunkie, or tentmate, was a cow puncher. A young Jew was called "Pork Chops," and so on.

Josephine, a mountain lion from Arizona, was a favorite of the regiment. Her sway was disputed by an eagle from New Mexico, who flew wherever he wished or walked up and down the company streets. He was young and had been taken from his nest when a fledgling. He could beat off Josephine at any time. There was a worthless cur of a dog, who was harried a good deal by the lion, although sometimes he would make bold to turn upon her and overawe her with a steady gaze.

There was, however, much less play than work, hard, hot work in the dusty field. The regiment was worked night and day, and the men were not spared for a minute, in the determination to make them worthy to be taken with the first army of invasion. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt slept under his shelter tent in his poncho and blanket. He disdained any comfort which his men could not have and ate as they ate and slept as they slept.

He and the officers proved themselves strict dis-



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ciplinarians. Colonel Wood hated to do it, but for the man's own sake, he felt obliged to rebuke his Cherokee cook, who one day bawled out, "If you fellers don't come pretty soon everything 'll get cold." One child of the plains was so totally incapable of observing regulations in his new life that he was finally sentenced to six months' imprisonment. When the time came for the regiment to move, he begged so hard to be allowed to go, that the lieutenant-colonel said, "All right; you deserve to be shot as much as any one and you may come along." On receipt of marching orders, Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt embraced in their delight, and all the camp was wild with joy.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST BATTLE



1898, the Rough Riders leave San Antonio. — Arrival
Cuba, Florida, June 3. — Wood and Roosevelt, triumphing
the general confusion, get aboard the transport *Yucatan*.
the regiment and all the horses left behind. — Landing
Cuban soil, June 22. — A forced march to the front under
the scorching sun. — "Wood's Weary Walkers." — The first fight
at Guasimas, June 24. — The Rough Riders targets for
the enemy's fire. — Their heroism in their baptism of fire. — The
soldiers thrilled by the stories of the regiment's exploits. —
The Rough Riders, the cowboy, miner and college athlete, all in a common

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iards. In his spare moments he whiled away the time with a copy of M. Demoulin's "Superiorite des Anglo-Saxons." The men were pleasantly diverted by the enthusiastic receptions which awaited them throughout the South. Cheering crowds greeted them everywhere in Dixie, sometimes as early as four o'clock in the morning, and the pretty girls, with armfuls of flowers, coaxed away nearly all the buttons on their uniforms.

Worn out and hungry, the regiment was landed many miles from its proper destination. Thence the troopers made their way on their equally tired horses to a point back of the big hotel in Tampa, where they camped. The lieutenant-colonel did not avail himself of the fair chance to take up his quarters comfortably in the hotel, but shared the lot of his men, as he had done in Texas and on the sultry train. In the confusion which reigned at Tampa, he himself furnished many of the needed supplies, and when asked by the Commission of Investigation, after the war, if he had been reimbursed by the Department, he replied, "Oh, Lord, no; that was a personal matter."

After several days of waiting, orders came for

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half of the regiment to embark for Cuba, behind the rest of the men and all the horses, a few for the principal officers. The troopers who could not go were sorely disappointed, but they accepted their fate like soldiers. The men who were more favored quite forgot the loss of their horses although it was the end of their dream of charging through the ranks of the foe on their own horses.

When in readiness to go down to Port Tampa, where the transport ships lay, no cars could be obtained. Some coal cars were seized and on them the

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forces. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt rushed his Rough Riders down to the dock, and, by main strength, held the gang-plank against two other anxious regiments until his men were aboard. This point gained, the *Yucatan*, with its Rough Riders, lay in the steaming hot bay of Tampa for nearly a week.

It was an old rattletrap boat, with a third more passengers aboard than she was built to carry, and wretched sleeping and deck room. The boys from the prairies, however, most of whom had never seen a large body of water, swarmed the rigging and joyed in the novelty of life on the ocean wave. Their Italian trumpeter pitched patriotic tunes for the lusty throats of the cowboy choir, and there was no "squealing."

While waiting, and while sailing the Caribbean Sea, the officers were kept busy caring for their men and studying their books. They held a school of instruction daily, and expectations ran high as they looked forward to their Cuban campaign. The lieutenant-colonel has said, with pride, that he did not hear any rough talk or an unbecoming story at the officers' mess. Although drawn from widely

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different paths in life, they were already bound together by a genuine comradeship. Their toast on the transport was, "The Officers—May the war last until each is killed, wounded, or promoted."

"Bucky" O'Neill, the Arizona mayor and ex-sheriff, whose name was a terror to outlaws, white and red, the gambler who would stake his all on a card, delighted to speculate on the mysteries of the universe, as he leaned on the railing of the ship and gazed at the Southern Cross, or discuss the roots of words, or debate the merits of the great men of literature. Such a nature welcomed the hazard of battle for the sake of the hazard. "Who would not risk his life for a star?" he asked, as he thought of the chance to win on the field a general's star for his shoulder strap. After more than a week out from Tampa the troopers of the *Yucatan* landed on Cuban soil at Daiquiri, and "Bucky" risked his life there, not for a star, but in a daring effort to save a negro soldier from drowning.

The voyage had been a long and stately procession across the sea. There were thirty transports in the line, escorted by a heavy guard of war-ships to protect them from surprise by the enemy. The

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landing was made under cover of a terrific bombardment by the American guns, as they raked the wooded shores, wherein the Spaniards might be lurking. A hard march to the front was begun immediately. When the sun was not scorching the men, a tropic rain was falling upon them in a torrent.

The plainsmen, so unused to tramping, wobbled and hobbled along. They were no longer the dashing Rough Riders, for, with their horses hundreds of miles away, they had been rechristened "Wood's Weary Walkers." At every halt they would throw off their packs and fling themselves in the mud. When they bivouacked for the night, they would strip themselves of their wet clothing and dry it by the camp fires. Their officers ignored all discomforts in their steady determination to reach the front on time. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt had not waited at the landing-place for his own personal baggage. His only extra garment was a rain coat, and the next day he was happy to get his tooth-brush.

On their third day in Cuba the Rough Riders were sent forward along a trail through the jungle, a trail so narrow that the men had to do most of their

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marching in single file. It was bordered by a dense tropic tangle. Although their pace was furiously fast, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt has recorded the pleasure he took in the beauty of the forest, with its strange Southern trees, the noble palms, the brilliant bloom of the flowers, the cooing of doves, and the call of the cuckoos.

Suddenly word came back along the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then a sudden crash came. The first fight was on, and the Rough Riders were in the thick of it. There was a sound filling the air like the humming of telegraph wires; it was the singing of the Mauser bullets from the guns of the enemy. But where was the enemy? His smokeless powder enabled him to conceal himself, as he lay in the bush only a few yards away. "Well, I got it that time," a trooper would say, and a Rough Rider would fall before an unseen foe.

It was a most exasperating situation for the little band of Americans, to stand there in that path as targets for invisible guns. Finally, however, a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was standing beside Roosevelt, ex-



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claimed: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats in the glade." Aided by this suggestion, Roosevelt located the Spaniards, and at last the Rough Riders opened fire on them. They soon made it too hot for their adversaries, who were seen to spring up and dash for a new hiding-place. Some of the troopers cursed as they fired; but Colonel Wood, moving calmly about, said, "Don't swear; shoot."

A hail of bullets swept over the men as they advanced. Roosevelt seized the rifle of one of his wounded troopers and led a rush on some farm buildings ahead, from which the enemy fled. He and Wood refused to take to cover; their whole thought was to share the perils of their men and to set examples of courage that would steady and stiffen the entire line. The enemy saw them plainest of all and marked them. The Mauser bullets would sing, "zeu," "zeu," "zeu," in their ears and hiss, "zip," "zip," "zip," through the waist-high grass in which they stood. Worst of all was the terrible note of "chug," when a comrade was hit. Once when Roosevelt leaned against a tree, a bullet tore the bark away and filled his eyes with the dust.

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Rough Riders had borne the baptism of fire and heroism that thrilled their countrymen when news came of that first battle at Las Guasimas. The press was filled with the praise of the officers and with stories of daring and devotion in the ranks. General, wounded, was propped against a tree, and on his own earnest request, and his rifle was handed to him. Then he went on firing. Finally he was taken to the hospital as mortally wounded; but in a few days or two he walked six miles to rejoin the regiment. A cow puncher, who stayed on the line until blood told the secret of his wounded

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who wouldn't be proud to change places with you,
he isn't worth his salt and he is not a true American."
Once a feeble voice was lifted:—

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Then two or three more voices joined in:—

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride—"

The good old tune thus was sung with painful inter-
ruptions under an alien sky, by those who had shed
their blood while striving to carry

"freedom's holy light"

to a foreign shore, long darkened by a tyrant rule.
With their young lives in the balance, the closing
prayer of the song became a most affecting suppli-
cation:—

"Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!"

The day had cost the regiment eight killed and
thirty-four wounded. Captain Capron, descended
from generations of soldiers, met a soldier's death.

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Hamilton Fish, Jr., the heir to a great fortune, was another of the Rough Riders who was killed in the ground which they and their comrades had won. The chaplain read the burial service while the troopers stood about with bared heads and the jungle echoed with "Rock of Ages." They were fighting side by side when they fell, and were not separated in their burial. All in a single grave they were laid — "Indian and cowboy," their lieutenant-colonel has written, "miner, and college athlete — the man of unknown origin from the lonely Western plains and the

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN



July 1-2, 1898, Colonel Roosevelt leads the Rough Riders at San Juan. — When orders fail to come, he goes into the fight on his own responsibility. — Ever in the van, he inspires all around him, and gathers under his command fragments of half a dozen other regiments. — Careless of danger and in many narrow escapes. — Buying rations for his hungry soldiers and ministering to the sick.

AFTER the engagement at Las Guasimas, the Rough Riders camped on the ground which they had helped to win from the Spaniards.

For several days they awaited orders to go forward toward Santiago. The commissary service was wretched. The transport ships lay at anchor, burdened with provisions; but they were unloaded and the supplies sent to the front so slowly that the men in the trenches were on one-third allowance. The officers were privileged to have more and better things to eat, even delicacies. Colonel Roosevelt would touch none of them. He would take no different shelter and no different food from what the men had. It came to be the rule among

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ers of the regiment to accept nothing that
ates could not have.

influence in his power was exerted by the
at-colonel to get the best for all the mem-
his command. He spent his money liberally,
money which wealthy friends from New
d given him, in the purchase of food for

All the dainties obtainable went straight
ck and the wounded in the hospital, where
Roosevelt was a constant and cheering

t get up, boys," he would say, as the poor

IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

the hot jungle. Night fell, but they did not halt until eight o'clock. All slept on their arms. In the night, Colonel Roosevelt made the round of the sentries to see for himself that they were properly guarding their sleeping comrades.

At six o'clock of a lovely morning, the sky unclouded, the lofty mountains that hemmed in Santiago echoed with the boom of the Spanish cannon on El Caney. The Rough Riders were stationed in a farm-yard, where an American battery had wheeled into position directly in front of them. The Spaniards had smokeless powder, but the cannon of the Americans did not possess such a military luxury.

When, therefore, the battery replied to the Spanish fire, the cloud of smoke which rose from its guns formed a perfect target for the enemy. The Rough Riders were eating breakfast at the time, and in their enthusiasm they jumped up and cheered wildly. Then, after twenty minutes, came the well-aimed response of the Spanish gunners. The cheering troopers were stilled as they saw the black ball coming toward them, hissing and howling as it drew nearer, and finally exploding among them. One of the fragments dropped on Colonel Roose-

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ist, hardly breaking the skin, but raising a
four of five of his men behind him were
at the same time.

while the Rough Riders were fording a river,
the shots of the enemy, the American war
dropped near them, and thus attracted
fire. They crossed the stream in such
they could, and sought shelter as they
under the bank, lay in a sunken road, or
the tall grass. Bullets swept over them in
The colonel sent messenger after mes-
or orders to advance before the welcome



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way. There, he had his regiment lie down, while waiting further orders, but he himself stood or rode about.

When he had waited as long as he deemed reasonable, and could not longer bear to see his men lying helpless, where the Spaniards were picking them off one by one, he took the matter in his own hands and moved forward. A regiment of regulars, waiting for orders, was come upon, where it lay in the road, and Colonel Roosevelt led his troopers through its lines. The regulars, stirred by this example, jumped up, orders or no orders, and followed, Roosevelt waving his hat as he rode in the van. From the back of the hat, a blue handkerchief with white spots in it hung down to protect his neck from the sun. It was the battle-flag of the Rough Riders that day. He had discarded his sword as a useless trapping which got in the way of his legs. He was coatless, and only a single shoulder-strap hung by a thread from his shirt, to which he had stitched it.

It was in this manner that he led the Rough Riders and those who had joined them, firing as they ran, up the slope first of Kettle Hill, then of San Juan. The colonel's horse became entangled in

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ence and he finished the charge afoot. At
he found himself with only five men around
two of these fell at his feet.

Next height from Kettle Hill was San Juan
and Colonel Roosevelt led his men across
valley that lay between. White and black
and Rough Riders mingled in a confused
until he had behind him, parts of six regi-
which remained under his command until
morning. When some of the strangers
straggle to the rear at one point, where the
extremely savage, he leaped before them,

IN THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

same canteen" with soldiers who had shown themselves such brave men.

The day's losses had been large. Of the less than five hundred Rough Riders engaged, eighty-nine had been killed or wounded, the heaviest sacrifice of any cavalry regiment. No loss was more keenly felt than that of "Bucky" O'Neill of Arizona, who had gone for a star and had received a bullet. At the fatal moment he was walking up and down in front of his troop, cigarette in hand. His men begged him to lie down, but he declared the "Spanish bullet has never been moulded that could hit me." He had hardly spoken the last of these words when he fell dead.

Colonel Roosevelt, who seemed to have no thought of danger or self-protection, had some very narrow escapes. His orderly, while saluting him, fell across his colonel's knees, mortally wounded. Again, a man who was speaking with the colonel, suddenly fell forward, stricken by a bullet which was doubtless aimed at Roosevelt. Little Texas, the colonel's horse, was scratched twice by bullets, one of which nicked the master's elbow. A sergeant, lying beside the colonel, quietly exclaimed: —

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pardon, Colonel; but I've been hit in the

y?" the colonel inquired.

Colonel, quite badly."

velt instantly saw to the removal of his
on from the front. All the stories that were
his bravery may be matched with stories of
erness on the battle-field. He seemed to
mself, but he never forgot his men.

ewspapers were again filled with accounts of
t and his Rough Riders. It is true that he
vn no more heroism on the heights of Cuba

CHAPTER XV

THE HOME-COMING



Frightful conditions in camp, while waiting to be sent home. — The famous Roosevelt "Round Robin" saves the army. — August 7, 1898, embarking at Santiago. — Landing at Montauk Point, Long Island, August 15. — The Rough Riders welcomed as the heroes of the war, and their leader is a popular idol for the first time in his life. — The affectionate relations of commander and regiment. — Glad days in camp. — September 15, 1898, mustered out. — Regretful partings of strange comrades. — McGinty's call on his Fifth Avenue captain. — Other stories of New York experiences.

AFTER San Juan came dreary days in the trenches. That period was followed by the negotiations for the surrender of Santiago, and then came the hardest experience of all, — idle camp life in the height of a tropic summer, while waiting for Spain to give up the war. The provisions for the health of the men were in the same state of neglect as the supplies for feeding them.

Fever attacked the Rough Riders. There was little medicine and there were no cots. The sick had to lie in the fever-breeding mud. First and last all the officers of the regiment fell victims, ex-

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Colonel Roosevelt and one other. The orderly lost eighty pounds in weight. Half members of the command were down at one All were in rags. Even the officers were socks and underclothing. If there was only shoulder-strap on Roosevelt's shirt at San Juan, is now none at all. Nothing but the yellow in his riding breeches showed that he was an

college athletes had lost their vigor. The rdy hunters and dashing cowboys lay lan- n their miserable dog-tents. The gallant

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Roosevelt answered, "when in doubt what to do, to go ahead; and I went ahead."

Every one in that death-besieged camp in Cuba was in doubt what to do. Then it was that Colonel Roosevelt went ahead. It was in violation of all military rules for the mere colonel of a volunteer regiment to take the lead. He took it, nevertheless, and thereby saved no one knows how many lives, and no one knows how black a disgrace for the negligent administration at Washington.

At a meeting of the officers in the palace at Santiago, the commanding-general announced that he had been informed that the War Department was planning to keep the army in Cuba indefinitely, sending it into the interior, where the conditions would be better than in the camp on the shore. When the meeting had adjourned the general gave to the newspaper correspondents a copy of a protest signed by Colonel Roosevelt.

In this letter Roosevelt declared that it was the unanimous opinion of the officers that the adoption of the Department's plan of retaining the army in the island would involve the destruction of thousands. He protested that there was "no possible

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for not shipping practically the entire commerce north at once." If this should not be done, in all human probability, mean an appalling" On the other hand, "six weeks on the Maine coast, for instance, or elsewhere, where yellow fever germs cannot possibly propagate, make us as fit as fighting cocks, as able as eager to take a leading part in the great campaign against Havana in the fall." Spain had sued for peace, and there was still a chance of fighting.

There were any object in keeping us here,"



COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT MONTAUK POINT

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Robin," which indorsed the Roosevelt protest and echoed the appeal for an immediate removal of the army. The confused and careless officials at Washington were stirred to action at once, and the army was hastened home.

The Rough Riders were landed at Montauk Point, on Long Island, New York. Roosevelt, who had gone forth as second in command of a regiment, returned now as the commander of a brigade. He had lost twenty pounds, but he reported himself in "first-class health."

The nation rang with applause at the home-coming of the Rough Riders and their leader, now a popular idol for the first time in his career. Reporters swarmed about the camp at Montauk Point, visitors from all over the country crowded the trains that went there, and doctors and nurses and supplies were rushed to the hospital. The doors of some of the most spacious summer houses on the island were opened in welcome to the sick troopers. The period of the encampment was a continual triumph for Colonel Roosevelt and his famous regiment.

The troopers who had been left behind in Florida were brought north and reunited with their

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s. This meeting, and the healing breezes from
n, quickly revived the spirits of the warriors.
mes followed. One of the troopers of the
army had a bucking horse, and some of the
Riders jeered at his failure to master the
A challenge ensued, and the next day the regi-
turned out and crowded in front of Colonel
t's headquarters. There one of his men
and rode the horse through his wildest capers.
olonel rose at the end of the chaplain's ser-
e Sunday and gave the men a talk. He



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present him with a bronze statue of "The Bronco Buster." Trooper Murphy made the speech because, as he said, it was well known that the colonel's heart always had been with the privates, who loved him as deeply as men could love men. The tanned faces streamed with tears, and Colonel Roosevelt replied in a voice shaken with emotion, assuring them that "outside of my own immediate family I shall always feel that stronger ties exist between you and me than exist between me and any one else on earth." Every man was rewarded with a shake of the hand by his grateful commander.

The last night in camp was given over to a great celebration. The Rough Riders sang, and college boys and cowboys joined in a wild dance. The Indians took the lead in howling, grunting rings as they went bounding around the big fires, which had been kindled on the parade ground.

The troopers parted with regrets. Friendships that were to endure had been made across social lines impassable in any other country. A plainsman accepted a pressing invitation to pass a few days with his bunkie, a New York youth of fastidious instincts, and arrived at his host's with no

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...uggage than an umbrella. No doubt this
...the wilderness thought that to carry an
...was the height of social agony, and he never
...of such effeminacies as pajamas and collars.
...nty, the bronco buster, promised to visit his
...Woodbury Kane. As soon as he was dis-
...from the hospital he set out to accept the
...n. Ignoring such unfamiliar conveniences
...ted and surface cars and public cabs, he
...horse and began his search in the wilderness
...York. When he found Captain Kane's

Fish Hawk and his Indian



CHAPTER XVI

GOVERNOR AND VICE-PRESIDENT



He is sought out by the New York bosses to save the Republican party of the state from wreck at the polls. — September 27, 1898, nominated for Governor. — He wins in an exciting campaign. — November 8, elected Governor. — January 2, 1899, inaugurated as Governor. — Slowly and shrewdly makes himself the master at Albany. — Veteran politicians dazed by his skill in handling men. — Characteristic methods of pushing a bill through the Legislature. — Wall Street and the machine plan to “bury him” in the Vice-Presidency. — He fights against the movement, but, in the end, accepts his party’s call. — June 21, 1900, nominated for Vice-President. — A great speaking campaign. — November 6, McKinley and Roosevelt triumphantly elected.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the reformer, could be ignored with safety by the political bosses. But Theodore Roosevelt, the Rough Rider, must be reckoned with. The admiring eye of the nation was upon him, and the American people would have delighted to do him any honor.

Every war in the past had brought forth popular favorites. Washington had first won the public confidence in the War of the Revolution, Andrew Jackson and William Henry Harrison in the War

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Taylor and Scott in the Mexican War, while honors first came to Grant, Hayes, Gar-
jamin Harrison, and McKinley as a reward
military services in the Civil War. The
s, therefore, had watched intently to see
ld win the people's applause in the Spanish
proved to be but a little war and a short
e end of it found Roosevelt, among all the
haki, without a rival in public favor.

rise men in politics clearly recognized the
his popularity, and sought him out in his
Montauk Point. The Republican party in



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Some of the lieutenants of the boss, however, dreaded Roosevelt worse than defeat. They argued that it would be better for the Republican machine to lose the state in the election than to give him power. They knew they could not make terms with him, and no one approached him with such a proposal. The great prize, so near his reach, did not tempt him for an instant from his independent mood. "I would rather have led this regiment than be Governor of New York, three times over," he wrote to a friend at that time. "I should say that the odds are against my nomination; but I can say also, with all sincerity, that I don't care in the least."

Senator Platt called upon Colonel Roosevelt at Montauk, and when his regiment had been disbanded and he was free from restraint, Colonel Roosevelt returned the Senator's call at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Many good people were in anguish that Roosevelt should pay this mark of courtesy to the "Easy Boss." They seemed to be afraid that he would not be able to take care of himself in the presence of so wily a politician. It could not be publicly known then, as it is now, that the Senator

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venture, in the course of the meeting, to ask
e whatever from his caller.

to make such a call was really a part of
sevelt's characteristic directness. It was
of all men that the delegates to the State
on, soon to be held, were absolutely under
of the Platt organization. The Conven-
d be managed, as New York Republican
ons had been managed for years, by Sena-
and his machine. The nomination for
must come from him. As the Republican
then organized, he and his associates were



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tire country. He travelled by special train, with a band of assistant orators, which included some members of his Rough Rider regiment in their khaki uniforms, and he visited every section of the state. He spoke from early morning till midnight, day after day, and drew immense crowds everywhere.

When he entered upon his duties as Governor, he had the good-will of the people generally; but there still was a widespread feeling that he was more or less "unsafe" and "impulsive." His most enthusiastic admirers, among the public, doubted if he could carry power with a steady head. His friends, or many of them, were sure that he would find it impossible to work with the Platt organization, which controlled legislatures with an iron hand. His enemies confidently counted on him to quarrel with every one and to have no one to help him do anything. All these fears and expectations were disappointed.

The new Governor began his term soberly and even mildly. He patiently listened to all who came, and, when he had to act, he acted with moderation. The impression went abroad that it was to be rather

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ss administration, after all. The Rough
apparently had lost his dash. Almost no one
his strategy. The old politicians around
col and the legislators, all of whom he was
lly studying and cultivating, came to the
n that he was "easy." When, at last, the
ved for him to put forth his power, he
t through these very men, who were now
bit of working with him, and who had lost
their old distrust of him. People at a dis-
m Albany were amazed by the force of his
uence, as well as by his shrewdness in



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all, and with each side boasting that it had gained its point. When the Legislature hesitated to pass laws which he recommended, he would make an appeal to the people directly. They were certain to listen to anything he had to say and almost as certain to agree with him.

In six weeks from his inauguration, he was the recognized master of the situation. Albany was dazed by his skill and success in governing. "The Governor's got the best scheme I ever see in politics," a Tammany senator exclaimed. "I don't see why nobody thought of it before. It's dead easy. He just plays the honesty game, and it works like a charm." There are a lot of people in this world, and not all politicians, who think that honesty will not win, and that is the reason they don't try it. Mr. Roosevelt's simple faith that honesty will win is the very corner-stone of his success.

There was no measure of the Roosevelt administration at Albany which the Governor more earnestly supported than his recommendation of a tax on public franchises. The big corporations were solidly arrayed against it. Their messengers whispered into his ear that those corporations had con-

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\$60,000 to his campaign fund; but he
that he knew they had given \$100,000 at
time to the Democratic campaign against
his newly won friends in the Legislature felt
pressure from the corporation lobby, and it was
due for their weak human nature. They did not
oppose the Governor, but this was going too far.
The bill slept in a committee pigeonhole till near
the end of the session. Then the Governor sent in
a message, with an urgent appeal for the
passage of the bill. The message was lost on the
floor; thereupon he sent in another message, with

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is a long way off," he told them. "I will sign this bill, as it stands, and at once call a special session of the Legislature to amend it and make it better." He could not be moved from this plan, and it was adopted.

There was only one thing to do with such a troublesome man, and that was to "bury him" in the Vice-Presidency of the United States. If permitted to run for Governor again, the people would surely reëlect him, in spite of Wall Street and the bosses. The Vice-Presidency seemed to Mr. Roosevelt's enemies the only safe place for so unsafe a man.

The suggestion, made with cool calculation by some of the most powerful and sordid interests in the great financial centre of the nation, was caught up with genuine enthusiasm by the people of the West. The Governor, who was anxious to go on with his work at Albany, tried to stop the swelling movement by the most earnest refusal of the honor. "Under no circumstances," he declared to the country, as early as February in 1900, "could I or would I accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." Even this strong declaration did not stop the talk of nominating him.

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When the Republican National Convention of 1900 met at Philadelphia, all the sentiment was for Governor Roosevelt for the second place on the ticket with President McKinley. This was craftily stimulated by the elements interested to "shelve him." He himself went as a delegate at large from New York, his first appearance in a National Convention since the famous Blaine Convention, sixteen years before. His presence in the Convention city was hailed with enthusiasm. Delegation after delegation waited upon him, to offer support, which he emphatically refused. In the mood of the hour, his refusal was without effect. Sometimes with tears in his eyes, he begged his callers to spare him; but in vain. Meanwhile, the New York politicians were saying that he must be nominated, for if he ran for Governor they would not be able to raise money for the election among the corporations.

In the Convention, the Rough Rider-Governor, in his favorite soft black hat, was the lion of the scene. He made a speech, nominating McKinley, but when the Vice-Presidency was reached he was absent from the hall. He had yielded to the overwhelming demand, in his old spirit of accepting



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whatever service he was called upon to do. While the Convention was roaring his nomination by acclamation, he sat in a near-by room, reading Thucydides.

Into the great national campaign which followed, Governor Roosevelt entered with as much heart as if he had sought the task which he had undertaken so reluctantly. Everywhere, all over the land, the people were eager to see and hear him. For eight weeks he was on a speaking tour, visiting twenty-four states, travelling more than twenty-one thousand miles, delivering nearly seven hundred speeches, before audiences aggregating in number three million persons.

His endurance was wonderful. This he owed to the iron constitution which he had built up in years of rough toil, and to his careful habits on the journey. Instead of wasting his voice and energy in conversation with his companions on his special train, he made it a rule, the moment he left a station, to turn to a good book selected from those he had brought with him from his library, and to devote himself to its pages until called out at the next stopping-place on his route.

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He was not always in a friendly country. In a Colorado mining town, where the opposition to the Republican position on the coinage issue was bitter, he was attacked by some rowdies and struck with a stick. His escort of Rough Riders quickly closed around him, and, forming a wedge, rushed through the mob to the waiting train. A member of his party, in describing the scene, said of Mr. Roosevelt's bearing at the time: "Rocks were flying over him but he was smiling and his eyes were dancing. He was coming ahead as composedly as if he were approaching the entrance of his own home among friends. When it was all over, he exclaimed: 'This is magnificent. Why, it's the best time I've had since I started. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.'"

The Governor of Colorado also received Mr. Roosevelt in a hostile manner and wrote him, demanding that he state his opinion on the question of the campaign in Denver as he had done in the East. If the Colorado Executive thought that this would be too much for the courage of the candidate for Vice-President, his mistake was quickly corrected, Mr. Roosevelt declaring, "I am for a protective tariff, the gold standard, expansion, and the honor of the flag."



GOVERNOR AND VICE-PRESIDENT

In the triumphant election of McKinley and Roosevelt, no one gainsaid the large share of credit that belonged to the Vice-President-elect, while the enemies of the latter flattered themselves that his career was at an end, for the Vice-Presidency had been a political tomb, from which no man had escaped in more than sixty years.

CHAPTER XVII

CALLED TO THE PRESIDENCY

1901
30
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September 6, 1901, assassination of President McKinley. — September 7, the Vice-President hastens to his stricken chief. — September 10, reassured by the doctors, he joins his family in the Adirondacks. — September 13, the unexpected message, announcing a change for the worse, reaches him at Mt. Marcy. — The long race through the night down the mountain roads to the special train. — Death of McKinley, September 14, at 2 A.M. — Roosevelt speeding to Buffalo. — At 3.30 in the afternoon, he takes the oath of office at the residence of Ainsley Wilcox. — An affecting scene. — The new President's solemn pledge to the country.

MR. ROOSEVELT had been Vice-President only six months, when, by the death of President McKinley, he was suddenly called to the chief magistracy of the nation.

His term as Governor of New York expired on New Year's Day. Taking advantage of the brief release from official duties, he went on a hunting trip in Colorado. After his inauguration as Vice-President, he presided over an extra session of the Senate, at the end of which he entered upon the uneventful life usually led by his predecessors. His great popularity brought him many urgent invita-

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tions to speak, and he delivered several addresses in various parts of the country. He was on a speaking tour, when the appalling news sped over the wires that, for the third time, an American President had fallen before the assassin's bullet.

While President McKinley was holding a reception to the public in the Temple of Music on the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, he was shot by a young man, brought up in his own state of Ohio, who carried his weapon beneath a handkerchief wound round his right hand. The Vice-President hastened to the city in which his stricken chief lay, and there joined the official associates of the President. After a period of anxious watching, they were reassured by the doctors, and left Buffalo in the cheering confidence that the sufferer would speedily recover.

Mr. Roosevelt went to the Adirondack Mountains, in the upper part of New York, where his family had gone for the benefit of two of the children, who had lately been in a hospital. His purpose was to take them home in a few days. Early in the morning of the day following his arrival, he went on a tramp, with some young friends, far up the side of

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rcy. When they reached the lovely lake,
n the Clouds," the loftiest body of water in
and the lonely source of the Hudson River,
n began to fall. Sitting there, looking upon
ost peak of Marcy, Mr. Roosevelt and his
re tempted to climb still higher by the hope
might get beyond the clouds and see the
ing. They found, however, that the rain
re disagreeable the farther they went.
returned, therefore, to the shore of the lake
eir luncheon. As they sat down they heard
d of the snapping of a twig and looking



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distance, and it was 6.30 at night when Mr. Roosevelt arrived at the little settlement of summer cottages where his family was staying. There was no telegraph or telephone wire there, and he despatched a runner to the nearest one, ten miles below.

His position was most trying. He wished to avoid the appearance of an indelicate haste in returning to Buffalo. Yet he could not be careless of his grave duty under the Constitution. Even then the nation might be without a chief.

It was nearly midnight when the messenger returned from the distant telephone, and he bore a message saying, "Come at once." In ten minutes the Vice-President tossed his suit case into a light vehicle, drew his hat down upon his head, and told the driver to go at full speed. He must ride through the night more than thirty miles down the mountain roads to reach the railway. The first part of the drive was along a mere trail. On one side stretched a steep bank down to the shores of a chain of little lakes, twenty to thirty feet below. On the other side rose the rugged mountain, which the wagon must hug or run the risk of tumbling into the water. Often the wheels would scrape against the rough

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or huge stumps, or drop into deep mud-
rly to their hubs. A heavy fog made it
e to see the road. The driver himself, used
e was to the way, hesitated to drive fast,
passenger insisted, "Go on; go right ahead."
ht came while they were yet hurrying on.
20 when the Vice-President leaped out upon
n steps at North Creek, only to learn that
McKinley had died at two o'clock that

ce-President found his secretary, Mr. Loeb,

CALLED TO THE PRESIDENCY

and forty miles. The Vice-President arrived at the latter place early in the afternoon of Saturday. Driving to the home of a personal friend, he found the Cabinet of the dead President awaiting him. For thirteen hours and a half the government had been without a constitutional head. The awful spell of the national tragedy was upon the company, numbering about forty persons, which was gathered in the library of the house. Greetings were exchanged in silence.

“Mr. Vice-President,” said Secretary Root, the ranking member of the Cabinet present. Then his voice broke and tears blinded him. By a strange fortune this was the second time that Mr. Root had taken part in such a scene. As a friend he had stood with Vice-President Arthur, twenty years before, when, on the death of President Garfield from an assassin’s wound, he was sworn in as President.

The Secretary of War told Mr. Roosevelt, in broken tones, that it was the wish of the Cabinet, for reasons of state, that there should be no further delay. All around him men were weeping. The Vice-President said: “I shall take the oath at once in accordance with your request, and in this hour of

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deep national bereavement. I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of William McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of our beloved country." Then, as Judge Hazel read, a few words at a time, the Vice-President repeated after him the simple but solemn oath which all the presidents from Washington have taken: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

By sheer force of will the Vice-President summoned the strength to pronounce his pledge to his countrymen in a voice without a tremor. At the end of the oath he added, "And thus I swear." His uplifted hand fell to his side, his chin rested on his breast, and the twenty-fifth President of the United States stood in silent prayer.

President Roosevelt's first thought was for the sorrowing widow of the late President. He did all that a tender solicitude for her could suggest, and toward the friends of Mr. McKinley he showed every consideration. He went to Washington on the funeral train and thence to the burial at Canton, Ohio.

CHAPTER XVIII

GRASPING THE REINS



The new President confronted with the most difficult task in American politics. — Called by death to fill the place of a President chosen by the people. — Failure of other Vice-Presidents in the Presidency. — President Roosevelt's unparalleled success in making a Roosevelt Cabinet out of a McKinley Cabinet and a Roosevelt administration out of a McKinley administration. — He retains the friendship of Senator Hanna, the Warwick of the old administration. — The country's confidence quickly won. — He proves his right to leadership.

THE task of the new President was the most difficult one that can fall to a man in American politics. He had received his commission from the hand of Death and not from the people. They had chosen another for the place less than a year before, and by the largest majority that any President ever had received.

When his life had been so cruelly cut short, William McKinley's popularity was at flood tide. North and South, East and West, had been knit together in their affection for him. He and his party were in a harmony such as few Presidents had known. His administration was associated with an abund-

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onal prosperity. The confidence of the world was centred in him. In an instant struck down and a new hand must take of power.

er offered Theodore Roosevelt no encouragement. Four Vice-Presidents had become Presidents in, and none of them had succeeded in making administration acceptable to the people. er had taken the place of William Henry and in a short time he was plunged into a r with the party which had elected him.



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pledged himself to continue President McKinley's policies, but he announced his purpose of retaining the latter's advisers. "I wish each of you gentlemen," he said to the Cabinet, "to remain as a member of my Cabinet. I need your advice and counsel. I tender you the office in the same manner that I would tender it if I were entering upon the discharge of my duties as the result of an election by the people, with this distinction, however, that I cannot accept a declination."

There was no doubt that he was sincere in this request and in his intention to cling to the policies of the McKinley administration. People realized, however, that he was a very different man from Mr. McKinley in manner and method. It was feared, therefore, that the men who had worked with McKinley would not be able to work with Roosevelt. The members of a President's Cabinet are of his political household. They are like a family in their intimacy.

Old observers were certain that a McKinley Cabinet never could become a Roosevelt Cabinet, and that its members would soon retire from their offices. Moreover, the new President, many assumed, would

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break with the McKinley men in Congress and all over the country. He was known to be a man with opinions of his own, and therefore it was reasoned that when he tried to put his opinions into practice the friends of the old administration would rebel.

Mr. Roosevelt's first achievement as President was to disappoint all those forebodings of evil. He pursued at Washington the methods which had brought him success at Albany when he was Governor. His caution and self-restraint in the opening months of his administration won the confidence and good-will of his associates. In the end they became as loyal to the new President as they had been to the old. The McKinley Cabinet became a Roosevelt Cabinet and the McKinley administration throughout became a Roosevelt administration. Mr. Roosevelt was able to wield with success the instruments chosen by another.

There were individual changes from time to time, but no more than usual. President Roosevelt found John Hay at the head of the Department of State, and there he remained until he died, ably working with his new chief to forward the interests of the United States in all parts of the world. He found

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Elihu Root in the War Department, and retained his services until his private affairs made his retirement necessary. When he was needed, however, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Secretary Hay's death, Mr. Root responded to President Roosevelt's call at as great a sacrifice of income as any man ever made to enter a Cabinet.


The new President found Mr. Taft governing the Philippines, by Mr. McKinley's selection, and he summoned him to a Cabinet place. He found Mr. Knox in the Attorney-Generalship, and he successfully employed his talents in the prosecution of law-breaking corporations. He found Mr. Hitchcock in the Interior Department, and he waged through him an unrelenting warfare on the robbers who were stealing the public lands. He found Mr. Wilson in the Department of Agriculture, and there he has stayed until he has the record of the longest continuous Cabinet service. Even Mr. McKinley's private secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, continued to hold the same confidential place under Mr. Roosevelt until promoted to the Cabinet.

It was impossible that any one should have with a man of President Roosevelt's temperament the

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authority and influence which Senator Hanna of Ohio exerted with President McKinley. The Senator had been regarded as the power behind the throne, a power greater than all the Cabinet could wield. It was expected that he would not see this power slipping out of his hands without a struggle to hold on to it. For several years there were rumors of serious troubles between Mr. Hanna and the successor of his great friend. As often as the report went forth, it was contradicted by the fact, and the friendly intercourse of the two men continued until the Senator's death.

He was "Uncle Mark" to Mr. Roosevelt, and almost every week, even when their relations were supposed to be most severely strained, the President enjoyed a breakfast of corned beef hash and griddle cakes at Mr. Hanna's table. Almost, if not the last, letter written by the Senator was addressed to Mr. Roosevelt in grateful acknowledgment of his kind attentions. "You touched a tender spot, old man," the dying Senator wrote, "when you called personally to inquire after me this morning. I may be worse before I can be better, but all the same such drops of kindness are good for a fellow."



GRASPING THE REINS

Senator Hanna, like the members of the Cabinet, had found the new President, not the rash young man that most of them expected, but a statesman, sobered and steadied by experience, quick of thought, but slow to act, who was always open to advice, and never above taking it. As they saw him wield the great powers of his office with a firm and skilful hand, their confidence grew and was communicated to the country. No one ever called him "His Accidency," the taunt so often flung at the other Vice-Presidents whom fate had thrust into the White House, because at the outset he proved his right to leadership. ✓

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE



youngest of the chief magistrates. — Popular imagination
ed by his swift rise. — The most thoroughly national man
in the White House; the East and the West, the North
the South, all claim him. — The first President since the
War too young to remember its sectional bitterness. —
dent Roosevelt's own story of how he became a complete
merican. — The country delighted with his vim, his enjoy-
of public honor, and freedom from pretence. — Refuses
ut the door of hope on any man because of race or color. —
s labor leaders, but refuses to let either unions or trusts
te to him. — A man who gets things done. — His trust in
eople and their trust in him.



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"HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!"

A memorable cartoon





THE NEW PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE

missionership, and was saying to a friend, "You may consider me politically dead." It was only four years since he was a mere assistant secretary in a department at Washington. Within the space of three years, fortune had crowded into his life a service in war, the governorship of New York, the Vice-Presidency, and now the Presidency of the United States.

He was the first President with a long lineage since Washington, and the wealth of his family was far older and greater than that of Washington. The Roosevelts had been able to keep their heads above water in the social swim of New York for at least half a dozen generations. The plain people welcomed the momentary change from the line of log-cabin presidents to a President who was born in a brown-stone front. The children of poverty had been taught by the example of Abraham Lincoln that they, too, might make their lives sublime. Mr. Roosevelt's fellow-citizens welcomed the example which his rise set before the scions of the rich, who might learn thereby that the republic has work for all who are not above taking off their coats and doing it.

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Roosevelt marked another departure from the past. He was a writer of books, and as a rule presidents have been the least bookish of men. He had spanned the wide gulf between literature and political success.

The new President was the most thoroughly natural man who ever sat in the White House. No man can ever lived the life of his nation more completely than he had lived it. The East claimed him as its own because of his Eastern birth and education. The West claimed him because of his entire life of Western life.



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in his ranching days, and the toilers felt he knew them and respected their lives of labor. In an address, delivered not long before he became President, he sketched his own broadening development: "The first time I ever labored alongside and got thrown into intimate companionship with men who were mighty men of their land, was in the cattle country of the Northwest. I soon grew to have an immense liking and respect for my associates; and as I knew them, and did not know similar workers in other parts of the country, it seemed to me then the ranch owner was a great deal better than any Eastern business man, and that the cow puncher stood on a corresponding altitude to any of his brothers in the East.

"Well, after a little while, I got thrown into close relations with the farmers, and it did not take me long before I had moved them up alongside of my beloved cowmen and made up my mind that they really formed the backbone of the land. Then, because of circumstances, I was thrown into contact with railroad men; and I gradually came to the conclusion that these railroad men were about the finest citizens there were anywhere around. Then, in the

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of some official work, I was thrown into close
with a number of carpenters, blacksmiths,
men in the building trades, — that is, skilled
mechanics of a high order, — and it was not long
I had them on the same pedestal with the

that time it began to dawn on me that the
force was not in the men, but in my own point
of view, and that if any man is thrown into contact
with a large body of our fellow-citizens, it is apt
to be the man's own fault if he does not grow to feel



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often, in the crises of his administrations, he has found his strength and reliance in his conviction that "he and they feel alike."

The people liked, from the start, his plain way of saying what he had to say, and they could understand what he meant. He seemed to talk like a man in the street. His youthful vim, his directness, and his freedom from the mere show and pretence of official dignity pleased them. Presidents usually hold somewhat aloof and hedge themselves in. Mr. Roosevelt's bearing, on the other hand, was no different in the White House than when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy or Police Commissioner of New York. Every one felt that he could get at him and have a hearing at court. The public liked his frank enjoyment of the honors and duties of the Presidency; he did not put on the air of being bored by the highest office in the land and by the applause of his countrymen.

These were the manners of the new President which attracted his fellow-citizens to him. Their confidence and admiration were won by his deeper virtues of independence and justice. They delighted to see their President take the leadership of the nation and

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to let any one, whether a political boss or social magnate, intimidate or snub the chief executive of the republic.

"The door of the White House," he announced, "is always open as easily for the poor as for the rich, and not one bit easier." He kept his word. It was open for Booker T. Washington, the president of Tuskegee College, black though he was. When Roosevelt wished to have a talk with that foremost representative of twelve million Americans, in his habit is with all sorts of men, he asked for an audience at the White House. At this there arose

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paid to captains of industry. Nevertheless, when a man was dismissed from the government printing office because he did not belong to a labor union, the President reinstated him. He said that the government of the United States could not bar a man from employment because he was a non-union man any more than because he was a Jew or a Christian, a black man or a white man. "I will not for one moment submit to dictation," he plainly served notice, "by the labor unions any more than by the trusts, no matter what the effect on the Presidential election may be. I will proceed upon the only plan possible for a self-respecting American President, and treat each man on his merits as a man."

There were reports of corruption in the Post Office Department. The general impulse among the officials and the politicians was to deny the report and "hush the matter up" lest it might "hurt the party." The President at once ordered a searching investigation and a clean sweep of the guilty. Some of his subordinates could not believe that he really meant in good earnest to expose rascality in his own party and he had to talk plainly to a good many of them in order to convince them that he was not

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g. In the end the wrong-doing was stopped
e wrong-doers were placed in the dock. In-
f hurting his party, the President had won for
redit of reforming these abuses. There was
e left for the opposition party. Toward the
ul men, high in the party, who were found to
ling the public lands, he pursued the same
He would not spare them because of their
anding and because they had seats in Congress.
sts like these the President constantly drew
at body of the people, the justice-loving,
inking American people nearer and nearer

CHAPTER XX

AS A POLITICIAN

The new President astonishes the country by his capacity for political leadership. — Some remarkable prophecies by Cleveland, Harrison, and others. — Mr. Roosevelt's absolute reliance on the people. — Travelling fifty thousand miles in four years and explaining his policies in every state and territory. — Narrow escape from death in an accident. — Characteristic instances of his consideration for others. — His skill in wielding the mighty force of public opinion overwhelms opposition in Congress. — His frank avowal of his candidacy. — June 23, 1904, unanimously nominated for President by the Republicans at Chicago. — A campaign free from uncertainty. — November 8, 1904, elected by the largest plurality in history. — The vote: Roosevelt, 7,623,486; Parker, 5,077,971; plurality, 2,545,515. — In the electoral college: Roosevelt, 336; Parker, 140. — His unexpected announcement on election night of his determination not to run again. — March 4, 1905, inaugurated.

THE country was surprised to find the new President a politician. The politicians themselves were taken quite unawares by his capacity for practical political leadership. Because he was known as an opponent of tricks and intrigues, they had set him down as an artless innocent, a simple novice in politics. They quickly learned, however, that the new man in the White House was as wise a politician as ever entered its doors.

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prophets, indeed, had foretold this. In the
g of his career, when it is said that Roscoe
saw in him only a "dentifical young man
re teeth than brains," another observer,
D. White, of Cornell University, is quoted
to his students: "Young gentlemen, some
may enter public life. I wish to call your
to Theodore Roosevelt, now in our Legis-
He is on the right road to success. It is
s to predict a future for a young man, but
y that if any man of his age ever was pointed



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energy, and essential sincerity of purpose. It was this combination which convinced me that some day I should see him at the head of this great nation. When I congratulated him on his appointment as Police Commissioner of New York, I added:—

“‘When I again congratulate you, you will be one step nearer the White House.’ On hearing of his appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I wrote from Peking, where I was then stationed:—

“‘Permit me to congratulate you on this second step nearer the Presidency.’ When he was elected Governor of New York, I telegraphed him:—

“‘The next time I offer congratulations it will be to President Roosevelt.’”

President Harrison was also among the prophets, for he wrote in 1898:—

“Mr. Roosevelt is to-day one of the best examples of Presidential timber in the country. His varied life as ranchman, hunter, soldier, and politician has placed him in such close proximity with so many different men that they have had ample opportunity to judge of his qualities and to understand him when he says or does a thing.”

Before that forecast was made, President Cleve-

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and given an equally significant estimate of the
Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt, although
opposing parties, had worked together at Albany,
the former was Governor and the latter a young
member of the Legislature. When Mr. Cleveland
was President for the second time, he found Mr.
Roosevelt serving as a Civil Service Commissioner.
There was pressure upon him to displace this Re-
publican member of the Commission, and President
Cleveland is said to have replied:—
"I do not know Theodore Roosevelt. I do,



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the rotunda of the Capitol, the new President sought out the ex-President, and with genuine emotion said: "I shall always deem it a high honor to have served under President Cleveland."

One more prophecy of Mr. Roosevelt's future is well worthy of mention. In this instance Thomas B. Reed was the prophet. He was Speaker of the House at the time, and, in a conversation with Mr. Lacey, a new member of Congress from Iowa, regarding men in Washington, the members of the Civil Service Commission came up for discussion.

"We've got an American of blood and iron — a coming man — on that Commission. I tell you, Lacey, you want to watch this man, for he is a new-world Bismarck and Cromwell combined, and you will see him President yet."

"Who is he?" Mr. Lacey asked.

"Theodore Roosevelt," the Speaker replied.

Not many, however, had such insight into the qualities of the new President. He was expected to be a headstrong, rough-riding President, who would try to gain his point by hard fighting with Congress and with the political leaders. People generally looked for an honest but a stormy adminis-

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and in the end a disorganized Republican
broken up into quarrelling factions. Nothing
kind happened.

Regarding secret trades and dickers with this man
at, with one interest and another, the President
and the completest publicity. He at once put
f into the closest communication with the
t and feeling of the country. When he wished
g to be done, he plainly told the people and
them to help him. He would always turn to
rst, and they were his chief reliance. He would
to his policies in frequent messages to Congress



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ONE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PASTIMES





AS A POLITICIAN

The President was in a carriage with Governor Crane and Secretary Cortelyou, when an electric car, running at high speed, crashed into their vehicle. Others in the party, who were following in carriages, were certain that he must have been killed. Before they could reach him, however, they were relieved to see him rise from the wreck of his carriage and start toward the motorman with clenched fists. Doubtless his first hot impulsé was to wreak personal vengeance on the man. In a second the thought of the law came into his confused mind, and he exclaimed, "You should be arrested for this!" and then, as his sense of justice asserted itself, he quickly added, "unless you lost control of your car."

Another moment and the recollection came to him that he was President of the United States, and, to prevent the spread of a false alarm over the country, he turned to one of his assistant secretaries and said, "Go at once to the nearest telephone, call up the Western Union Telegraph office in New York, tell them that there has been an accident, but that I am not hurt."

Death had come very near to him, indeed, for his secret service man on the seat with the driver had

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lled outright. The member of Congress from
trict in which the accident had occurred ac-
nied the President to a neighboring house
id to him, as he seated him there, "Thank
ou escaped!" The two men were alone and
esident replied simply, "I thank God that I
d death — I want to live and go on with my
out I do not think I fear death — I know that
ot fear death as much as I do that I may make
mistake affecting the welfare of this country."
another carriage was provided, and, as the

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“Take that man out of Texas,” exclaimed a Texan editor, of the opposition party. “He’ll win every vote in the state. It isn’t that he’s President. Any man can get to be President when the people don’t see the candidate they are voting for. But Roosevelt could be elected constable of any town in this state. He campaigns next to the ground.”

While touring in the state of Maine, almost the first thing the President said, as he started for Bangor, was that he hoped he should see Bill Sewall, his old guide and friend from Island Falls. He had hardly left his car when he inquired if any one had seen Bill in town. As he entered his carriage he asked the chief of police to hunt up Bill. Finally the member of Congress from the district came to him and said:—

“Mr. President, here is an old friend of yours.”

The President turned and looked into the smiling face of Bill Sewall. He grasped his hand, he clapped him on the shoulder, and he told him how glad he was to see him. Then he told it to him all over again.

“You’re no gladder than I be,” said Bill.

It was a great day for Bill. He rode in state in

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residential procession and the people cried out
passed, "Hello, Bill," and "How are you, Bill?"
"Isn't you glad you came?" the President ex-
d, as he saw Bill sitting among the notables
e platform at the big meeting.

"I was glad I came before I left home," was
dry reply.

That day Bill was an honored guest, and in the
g he sat among the dignitaries at the dinner
Senator Hale gave the President in his
us home in Ellsworth. After Bill had re-
to his home in the woods, the next day, the



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and as cordially as any lady whom he met. "It was very kind of you," he said to this faithful and happy friend, "to come over to see me for old times' sake."

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt made a visit to his mother's old home in Georgia.

"This is Auntie Grace," a lady said to the President, as she led up an aged negro woman, bent under the weight of laborious years.

"Mom Grace, you mean, don't you?" the President quickly asked. "I have always heard her called Mom Grace."

"Yes, sah," said Mom Grace, as her wrinkled face beamed with pride, "dis am Mom Grace, Miss Mittie's nuss; and you was Miss Mittie's son."

"Yes, Mom Grace, I am Miss Mittie's son and I am certainly happy to see you. Where is Daddy Williams?"

Then an old man was presented to the President, an old slave in the family of Mr. Roosevelt's mother, and he was greeted heartily. Afterward, when the Presidential party was about to be photographed, Mr. Roosevelt made the photographer wait until Mom Grace and Daddy Williams were added to the group.

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wherever he would go he was on the same good
g with all. Out West two old Indians, whom
ew in his ranching days, presented themselves,
miled as broadly as the solemn red man can
he recognized them and grasped their hands.
aracteristic instance of his consideration for
was noted at one stopping place of the Presi-
l train. A forlorn little girl, in a threadbare
stood on the very outskirts of the pressing crowd
the station, a picture of despair because she
not get nearer the President. Mr. Roosevelt
her disappointed face while he was speaking

AS A POLITICIAN

Thus in the earliest stages of his power he planned to summon to his aid the greatest force in a free country, — public opinion. That was to be the foundation of his administration, and his success in wielding this mighty force soon overwhelmed all opposition. The first notable test came on reciprocity with Cuba. The nation was solemnly pledged to give that boon to the Cubans, and the President, in his first message, earnestly urged Congress to grant it. The tariff lobby, however, was too strong and it killed the bill. The President was badly defeated.

Then he went to the people. He argued the question with them, as the court of last appeal. He placed the issue before the constituents of the senators who had led the fight against him, and they were rebuked in the platforms of their own state conventions. When the next session of Congress opened, the members came back, with instructions from home to stand by the President. The leader of the lobby himself went to the White House and surrendered.

This story has been repeated in every serious contest which President Roosevelt has made. His fights have been fought out before the entire public

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has refused to be drawn into mere factional
s. He has been direct in his dealings with
uals, as he has been in his dealings with
ntry at large. He has told them what he
and why he wanted it. If a senator op-
him, the President would have him at the
House as quickly as he could be brought
and they would talk it over as man to man.
uld not sit aloof at the other end of Pennsyl-
Avenue wrapped in Presidential reserve while
nderstanding might undo his plans at the

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that decent citizens will believe I have shown wisdom, integrity, and courage.”

Many interests and many political leaders longed to be rid of a President who made his pledges to the people instead of to them. This feeling was reflected in Ohio on the eve of a state convention. One faction there was moving to indorse Mr. Roosevelt for the nomination, while the other insisted that the National Convention was a year off and that it was too early for the party to take its stand. Mr. Roosevelt was in the far West at the time, but he dictated a brief statement to the press, in which he plainly and candidly said that he wished to be nominated, and that he saw no reason why those who favored his nomination should not say so.

That bold stroke settled the question. There was no further doubt or discussion. His nomination and his election became equally a foregone conclusion. When the National Convention met at Chicago, it was merely to go through the form of registering the unanimous wish of the Republicans of all the country. The campaign that followed was freer from uncertainty than any Presidential campaign before, within the memory of living men. The

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ion was left without an issue, and the only
was as to how many of its voters could be
way from Roosevelt.

triumph in the election was complete and
lling. His majority on the popular vote was
imes greater than any candidate ever had
d. He polled seven hundred and fifty thou-
ore votes than the Republican congressional

Everywhere he was stronger than his party.
t states, Massachusetts, Missouri, Minnesota,
ontana, which Roosevelt carried, the Repub-
andidates for governor were defeated by the



AS A POLITICIAN

bility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it.

“On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance, and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.”

The President's announcement was a great surprise to the public. Probably the tradition against a third term in the Presidency would not have been seriously urged by many persons against a second election for Mr. Roosevelt. By a somewhat forced construction of the tradition, he had chosen to deny himself the two elections by the people, which all successful Presidents have claimed and received. Whatever his motive for this act, it had the effect of lifting him in his new term of office above the suspicion of self-seeking. He had placed himself where no man could threaten him with a loss of future honors, or could doubt that his sole purpose was to serve his country.

CHAPTER XXI

“THE SQUARE DEAL”



President Roosevelt has given it to all. — Rescuing the government from the control of incorporated wealth. — His scornless money-getting. — His cautious and resolute attitude toward the big corporations. — Downfall of the great railway trusts. — Railways and trusts brought into court. — Wielding the power of public opinion for the settlement of the Coal Question, October 15, 1902. — Railway magnates refuse when the President asks them to cooperate with him in framing and passing a Regulation Bill. — Their defeat. — Law enacted, June 9, 1906. — The President's strategy. — The meat packers and public opinion forces through the Meat Inspection Act, June 30, 1906. — The Pure Food Law enacted, June



" THE SQUARE DEAL "

private interest, or of any class, to defeat him. All the world knew what he meant by "the square deal."

When he first entered the White House, he found the government at Washington bound in a close partnership with the wealth of the country, and the government was only a silent partner. Wealth was the controlling member of the firm. It had all come about in a very natural way. There had been a period of hard times a few years before, and, in the midst of it, the campaign of 1896 was fought on the question of restoring prosperity. The rich man was anxious for a full purse, and the poor man for a full dinner pail. Wealth had sided with the Republican party and had poured forth millions in money to elect the Republican candidates, and they won.

Thus the partnership began. Prosperity was the only watchword, and the President of the United States was hailed as its advance agent. Every policy was shaped to that one end. The great corporations directed the councils of the party in power, and no man in those councils ever ventured to question the measures adopted. No one wished to "disturb business." Laws were made and administered

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“help business.” The stock ticker became
se of the nation. Huge combinations of
great trusts and giant mergers, billion-
corporations, were the order of the day.
“monarchs of finance” dreamed of grasping con-
all the industries of the nation, and placing
factories and mines, the banks and the railways,
in the hands of a few men.

These were combinations so vast that they over-
shadowed the national government, and their man-
agers were paid salaries which made the constitu-
tional involvement of the President seem a mere

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ernorship of New York, and had sighed with relief when they saw him “shelved” in the Vice-Presidency. They knew, however, that he was not their enemy, nor the enemy of prosperity, for there was no shock in the stock market when he became President. Nevertheless, it was known of all men that he stood in no awe of wealth and that he believed law and justice the only sound basis of national well-being.

His scorn of lawless money-getting was a matter of record, for in his “American Ideals” he had arraigned it in these bitter terms: “The conscienceless stock speculator, who acquires wealth by swindling his fellows, and by debauching judges, and corrupting legislatures, and who ends his days with the reputation of being among the richest men in America, exerts over the minds of the rising generation an influence worse than that of the average murderer or bandit, because his career is even more dazzling in its success, and even more dangerous in its effects upon the community.”

Strong as his opinions were on the subject, the new President did not adopt the methods of a fanatic, and begin a wild onslaught on the trusts. He was as cautious as he was resolute toward them.

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assembling of Congress, ten weeks after he
President, he said in his message that the
measure to be taken in regard to the great cor-
ns should provide for complete publicity as
affairs. He argued that this would correct
of the abuses and expose all of them. Then,
e facts before it, the government would be
determine its future policy with justice and
After some delay Congress responded by
ning the Department of Commerce and
and setting up within it a Bureau of Cor-
s, charged with the power and duty of



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The governors of six northwestern states had asked President Roosevelt to attack the Northern Securities Company, and he gave orders that it be prosecuted without fear or favor. Wall Street could no longer direct the government at Washington by long-distance telephone. The reigning monarch of American finance hastened to the White House to warn the President of the peril of “disturbing business”; but in vain. A powerful senator, formerly the ambassador of the “business interests,” asked the President to be careful. The wealth of the country had brought the administration to power, and the administration was bound by its obligations to the trusts. The President smilingly told the senator to read his letter accepting the nomination for Vice-President, and quietly assured his caller he would stand by that pledge and by no other.

That was the parting of the ways between the government and the trusts. All the other great mergers were suspended while the battle raged in the courts for two years. The government scored a signal triumph in the end, and the Northern Securities Company was ordered dissolved. No other railway trust has since been attempted.

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the same month that this famous suit was
other suits were brought against individual
s and against big packing-house companies,
lations of the old anti-trust law, many of
were fought to a successful issue. While the
ready on the statute books were thus tested
courts, the President started a campaign of
education in the interest of further legisla-
In the fall of 1902 he made a speaking tour,
course of which he argued, in moderate terms,
the governmental regulation of corporations
an interstate business, and his sentiments



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INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MARCH 4, 1905





“THE SQUARE DEAL”

of their employees to arbitration, and the mine managers absolutely refused to consider the demands of the union.

In this grave crisis President Roosevelt ventured to act. No law gave him any authority in the matter, but he relied on public opinion to sustain him. He was suffering at the time from an injury to his leg, which he had received in the collision with the electric car in Massachusetts, but which had not manifested itself in a troublesome degree until weeks after the accident. With his wounded leg lying in a chair, he received the owners and the representatives of the miners, when they called on him by his invitation. With all the earnestness of his nature he begged them to arbitrate their differences. Mr. John Mitchell, the president of the miners' union, said that he was, and always had been, ready for arbitration. The employers, however, insisted that there was nothing to arbitrate, and the conference broke up.

The owners smiled triumphantly as they left the President in his disappointment, and talked bravely of continuing the fight. The spectacle excited the indignation of the country. The people resented

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tude of the men who controlled the mines as
lt to the chief magistrate of the nation and a
e of public opinion. Thus a force was
, which no power in the land can withstand,
thin two weeks of the day that the owners
ned their backs upon the President they were
g him that they would agree to arbitration,
he would appoint the arbitrators. At once
n returned to the mines, and soon the com-
of distinguished men selected by the Presi-
as sitting in arbitration. It was an impressive
on of President Roosevelt's ability in em-



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ures of governmental supervision. In this effort he failed. The active railway officials, the presidents and traffic managers, it was understood, were inclined to coöperate with him, but their masters in Wall Street restrained them, confident that they could prevent any legislation whatever.

There was a great fight in Congress, lasting through months. The President's strategy never was more severely tested. He demanded much more than he could possibly get, and probably more than he wished, and thus had something to concede in the game of give and take, which is the secret of successful statesmanship. In the end he led men who, in the beginning of the session, had opposed any regulation, cheerfully to accept the final modified bill, and it was passed by both houses almost unanimously.

At the same session the President proposed a law for the inspection of meat packing. He had learned from a secret report that this immense business was often carried on under such filthy and dishonest conditions as to imperil the health of all who ate the products of the packing houses, and to cheat the purchasers. Again the President tried to gain the

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ation of the corporations, involved in passing
law. They defied him, as the railway mag-
had defied him. In these circumstances he
liged to send the secret report to Congress, and
its disgusting revelations before the world.
g further was needed. Public opinion com-
the immediate enactment of a meat inspec-
w. A kindred statute, which the President
fully advocated at the same time, is known
Pure Food Law, a law which was aimed at
of the oldest and most notorious abuses in
an trade.



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convicted for joining in a conspiracy to steal the public lands.

All these great transactions were done so soberly and in a spirit of such manifest fairness, that the very men whose practices were most affected by them found no chance to assail the motives of the President. They could not dismiss him as a cheap demagogue or accuse him of being the enemy of honest wealth. Their fellow-countrymen knew too well that they were getting nothing more or less than a “square deal,” and the American people stood by President Roosevelt in his declaration that “this government is not and never shall be a plutocracy.”

Party lines and party prejudices were overwhelmed by the general confidence in him and in his policies. The opposing political parties in Congress vied with each other in their support of all his principal measures of legislation. Democratic leaders could only protest that he had “stolen their thunder,” while the masses of both parties, East, West, North, and South, well-nigh forgot their ancient differences as they rallied around a President whom they hailed as the President of the whole people.

CHAPTER XXII

“THE BIG STICK”



at Roosevelt's maxim is to “speak softly and carry a big stick” — A great peacemaker. — Secretary Hay's tribute to diplomacy. — Directness and courtesy the characteristic qualities of the Roosevelt policy. — May 10, 1902, sending a representative to the Pope. — Saving the Arbitration Court at the Hague. — February 6, 1903, skilfully checks British German bombardment of a Venezuelan port. — July 1, 1904, delivering to Russia, in spite of her protests, the petition against outrages on the Jews. — President Roosevelt's crowning victory. — June 12, 1905, ending the great Russo-Japanese

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Nevertheless to "speak softly" is a very significant part of the Roosevelt policy. It is the only key to it. Leave it out, and you have a man who goes about like a bully, looking for trouble and spoiling for a fight. President Roosevelt, on the contrary, has always spoken softly, and never has had to use the big stick at home or abroad. And he has gone far.

It is true that he is ever armed with a big stick. Generally, however, the weapon in his hand takes the form of a righteous cause, charged with the irresistible force of public opinion. Such was the big stick which he swung over the heads of the miners and operators in the coal strike, and he was enabled to go far in that instance. He had not a law nor a soldier behind him. Time and again it has served him in his contests with senators and bosses and with the magnates of the railways and the trusts. It has been equally effective in the relations of this government with foreign nations.

Many must look back with amusement upon the fear with which they saw President Roosevelt take the helm of the great ship of state. Those who assured themselves that he would not upset all our affairs at home, were alarmed lest he might seek to

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his supposed thirst for warfare by plunging
life with other countries. To a caller early
Administration, who earnestly begged him not
into an international conflict, the President
broadly. "What," he cried, "a war, and I
up here in the White House? Never!"
conservative people for a long time felt that
an Hay, at the head of our State Department,
between them and havoc.

four years they cherished this opinion, and
when they saw the President, while the Secre-
State was absent in Europe on sick leave,



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- Frankness, courtesy, and good faith have been the characteristic qualities of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. He has never resorted to the old diplomacy of indirection and deceit. Nor has he adopted what is sometimes termed the “shirt sleeve diplomacy” of rudeness and bluster. “Don't draw unless you mean to shoot” is a maxim which he has brought from the frontier. He has simply tried to have this nation bear itself toward other nations as an honorable and well-bred man bears himself toward his neighbors.

The people of the Philippine Islands most earnestly objected to the continued presence of the Spanish Friars, an order of Roman Catholic priesthood, and to their large holdings of land. The Pope had the power to withdraw the Friars and to settle the question of their lands. But the government of the United States had no official relations with the Pope. That did not restrain President Roosevelt for a minute. The Pope was the man to see, and a representative was sent to the Vatican. The Pope readily consented to the recall of the priests and to the sale of their property. Thus the matter was adjusted quietly and sensibly, as between two gentlemen.

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President refused to let himself be bound
d foot in red tape abroad, no less than at
Terrible outrages on Jews had been com-
in Russia, outrages which horrified the
world. Nevertheless, no voice was lifted in
among the nations, because to do so would be
to the rules of diplomacy. Moreover, the
government had served notice that it did
for any foreign advice on the subject. Jew-
ens called upon the President and begged
orward a petition from them to the Czar, ap-
for mercy toward their co-religionists. The



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Foreign Affairs and ask him if he would receive such a document. Of course the Minister replied that it would not be received, but not until the ambassador had read its contents to him. Russia thus was obliged to hear the appeal, and yet could find no fault with the President's conduct.

It was the good fortune of President Roosevelt to give the peace tribunal at The Hague its first case. The nations had organized that body with many fair promises and then had given it nothing to do. When it was about to perish of this general neglect, President Roosevelt revived it by submitting to it a case known as the Pius claim, which involved the United States and Mexico.

It was not long until he was able to give further evidence of his interest and confidence in the same method of settling international disputes. Germany and Great Britain joined in an attempt to compel Venezuela to pay certain claims they held against her, and their vessels of war bombarded a Venezuelan port. The President called upon them to submit their claims to a peaceful arbitration. The two nations replied that they would agree to his proposal if he would be the arbitrator. They

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knew that it would be embarrassing for him to sit in judgment between European powers and a neighboring American republic, and no doubt they felt sure that he would be obliged to decline, and leave them free to seize some of Venezuela's ports. The President, however, politely referred them to the permanent court of arbitration which they had helped to set up at The Hague for the settlement of just such differences as those between them and Venezuela. The two nations were loath to give up their warlike expedition, but they could not escape from the logic of the suggestion from Washington, and thus again the long-neglected tribunal at The Hague received a case through the President's favor.

President Roosevelt's crowning victory for peace was achieved when, in response to his well-timed appeals, Russia and Japan turned from the great battlefields of Manchuria to the council table at Portsmouth. In the pride of his countrymen, his success in that instance stands as one of the noblest achievements of American diplomacy.

It was on June 2, 1905, that the news went around the earth that the President had offered his services to promote peace between the two belligerents. He



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE RUSSO-JAPANESE PEACE
ENVOYS ABOARD THE "MAYFLOWER"



"THE BIG STICK"

appealed to each of them, in the name of a nation which had always been the friend of both and in the sacred interests of humanity, to bring the war to an end. In this momentous and delicate transaction his method was as direct and simple as if he were a private individual seeking to stop a quarrel between two of his friends. The openness of his plea for peace instantly brought to his support the public opinion of all Christendom, united now perhaps as it never had been united before, and if either of the warring nations had spurned his counsels, it would have incurred a moral disaster. As a matter of fact, the conflict really had ceased the moment he lifted his hand. The immense armies paused, and the martial hosts of the Czar and the Mikado rested on their arms.

No triumph of war could have stirred the pride of all Americans as it was stirred by the triumph of peace, which they beheld on August 5, 1905, when their President brought together on the deck of his yacht at Oyster Bay the representatives of Russia and Japan. In the weeks of negotiation which followed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the world despaired time and again of an agreement between the two powers. It seemed as if President Roosevelt alone never

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lost faith in the ultimate victory of common-sense.

He was in a most delicate situation. The eyes of the nations were upon him, and he must answer to all the jealous governments of Europe for the absolute correctness of his conduct. The peace representatives were his guests, and if he should venture to advise either party, he must do it without offence to the very tender sensibilities of the other. Repeatedly he found a way to hold the conferees together when they were about to part and abandon all efforts for peace. Now one of the Russians would be summoned to the President's summer home, and now one of the Japanese. At one time the Czar's ministers announced they were packing their trunks and going home.

Amid all the passion and bluffing of the occasion, the President, sitting by his long-distance telephone, moved steadily and confidently toward the goal of peace. When at last it became necessary, in order to save the conference from utter wreck, he appealed directly to the Czar, and, on August 29, his reward came. Peace was agreed upon, and the name of Theodore Roosevelt was written high on the scroll of the world's peacemakers.

CHAPTER XXIII

“THE STRENUOUS LIFE”



Mistaken notions of the true meaning of this famous doctrine. — As exemplified by President Roosevelt it does not mean a noisy running up and down the earth, a life without repose, but an orderly life, organized to save time and to get the most out of living. — Mr. Roosevelt's wonderful capacity for work and play. — A pen picture of the man. — Some anecdotes of his athletic feats. — His wide range of reading. — Breaking the rule that Presidents shall not leave the country. — The trip to Panama, sailing November 8, 1906. — “The strenuous life” in the tropics. — Inspiring the men on the canal with a new patriotic determination.

“I WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life — the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach the highest form of success, which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid ultimate triumph.”

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

“The square deal,” “the big stick,” and “the strenuous life” are the three phrases which President Roosevelt has embodied before the world. To

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mention them is to call to the mind's eye the sturdy figure of the man who coined them. Some people, however, seem to regard him as the champion of a restless and fruitless activity, of a nervous, noisy, senseless running up and down the earth, and of a life without repose and without reflection; a votary of St. Vitus.

As a matter of fact, no active life could be more methodical, more orderly, than the President's. He keeps himself under the strictest discipline. He never smokes; his days are carefully planned and divided. He is regular in his eating and sleeping, in his work and in his play. But he has not a minute to lose or waste. Time is priceless to him. He has use for all there is.

It is only by organizing his life that he has been enabled to bear so easily the burdens of power. They are burdens which have crushed some men. He has thrived under them. He has worn joyously the cares of the Presidency which have embittered other chief magistrates. Yet he has received more callers, entertained more guests at his table, read more books, written more letters, made more speeches, gone on more tours, and indulged in more pastimes, than any other President.

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His capacity for work is the envy of his countrymen. They never hear that he is too tired or sick to keep an engagement or meet an emergency. He stands before the world an example of rugged strength. In height he measures five feet nine inches. Nature was not generous to him in any way. Physically, he had to make himself what he is. His head itself is shaped for combat. Beneath a broad, full forehead, crowned with brown hair, his blue, near-sighted eyes look out keenly above the short, straight nose with its heavy nostrils, fitted to scent the battle afar. Between a pair of thick lips gleam the teeth in massive jaws which can snap like a spring trap. The neck is a short but sturdy supporter of the head, and rests upon athletic shoulders, which fit into the splendid, arched chest, whose forty-six inches are worthy of a gladiator's pride. His hands are thick and short, and expressive of nervous strength. The thighs of his short legs are sinewy, and the calves are like those of a pedestrian in training. Even his feet, which are large, suggest the strength of the man, and he stands like one well anchored.

His walking has become one of the recognized terrors of White House hospitality. An old Har-

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classmate, who had just come to Washington
to secure an office under the administration, joined
him on his favorite afternoon tramp. After trudging
tirelessly at the President's heels over a long and
winding course, their path brought them to a pond.
The subordinate was falling, and the President, mischievously
determined to take the shortest way, placed his money
and watch in his hat, and plunged into the water.
The new subordinate dutifully followed his chief,
and while shaking his clothes on the other side he
ventured to ask why such a damp route should
have been taken. "What difference does it make?"



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE SADDLE



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President and his party came to a stone quarry which jutted out into the river and cut off the path. There was a boat at hand, to enable persons to get around the obstruction. Two of his companions jumped into it and motioned the President to a seat. “Meet me on the other side,” was his reply, and, followed only by his son, Theodore, Jr., he crept across the blasted face of the rock, holding on by sticking his toes into the little clefts and clutching at others with his hands.

One day, at the close of his office labors, he will be carried off to Maryland in an automobile, for the sake of walking back a dozen miles or so, not reaching home till 9.30. The next day will find him in his saddle for a twenty-mile course. As soon as he became President he asked a friend to find him two good riding horses for the White House stables. This gentleman felt the responsibility of his commission, and he took care that the President should not come to harm through horses misused by him. When the purchases were brought in for inspection the first horse stepped about gracefully and harmoniously as if to music in a parade. He wouldn't do, at all. The second animal had a mimicking sound, but

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ent did contrive to goad him into a gallop.

however, he was driven up to a three-foot

, he stopped and sniffed at it with mild curi-

His rider had seen enough, and, with a sigh

appointment, he jumped off and threw the

to the groom.

ell, sir?" the groom said inquiringly.

n, for goodness' sake, send them back. I

d horses, not rabbits."

he end he got what he wished, horses that

hed spirit with gentleness, horses equal to

wings into the country, under the no longer

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ness so impressed him that he caused it to be added to the athletic training at the Annapolis and West Point academies.

The strenuous life, however, is not all action, by any means. Few cloistered scholars read more than the President. He rests with a book in his hand. While waiting for an important conference he was found holding an Italian text of Dante's "Inferno" in one hand, and John A. Carlyle's prose translation in the other. He loafs with Plutarch, some of whose books he is said to have read a thousand times.

A list of only a part of his reading for two years of his Presidency is bewildering in length and range, including such a wide sweep of literature as represented by Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Aristotle, the "History of Greece," the "Life of Alexander the Great," Mahaffy's "Study of the Greek World," Maspero on the early Syrian, Chaldean and Egyptian civilizations, Froissart, Marbot's "Memoirs," Bain's "Charles XII," Macaulay, Gibbon, Motley, Carlyle, Bacon, Shakespeare, Drayton's Poems, Dante, Molière, Beaumarchais, Oliver Wendell Holmes,

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Tolstoi, Scott, Cooper, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Dickens, Thackeray, Conan Doyle, Lever, Keats, Browning, Poe, Tennyson, Longfellow, Kipling, Lowell, Stevenson, Hans Andersen, Joel Chandler Harris, Artemus Ward, and John Burroughs.

In the midst of the crowded campaign of 1904 he read all of Macaulay's "History of England," Dickens's story of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States." The only thing that makes it possible for the President to read so much and so variously is his remarkable power of concentration. Nothing distracts him from the book before him. It becomes for the moment the sole business of his life, and he reads so swiftly that he finishes a volume in the time that the average reader bestows on twenty pages.

It is little wonder that a President of such boundless activity should have broken through the tradition, as old as the Republic, against the chief executive leaving the soil of the United States. This ancient precedent had been so studiously observed by Mr. Roosevelt's twenty-four predecessors that many people believed that Presidents were forbidden by a written law to visit a foreign country. Re-



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peatedly they had carefully turned back at Niagara Falls, at the last inch before the suspension bridge leaps across the invisible line between their country and Canada. Emperors and kings had called on Presidents, but their calls were never returned.

When, however, President Roosevelt wished to see the Panama Canal in construction, he paid no more attention to the old legend than he would to a cobweb about his feet. This great national undertaking, which he had begun, is very near to his heart and pride. He is the director-in-chief of the work and he was tired of conflicting reports and second-hand information. He would see for himself what had been done and what could be done.

The admiral's and the captain's quarters on the battleship *Louisiana* were thrown into a state suite for the comfort of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The wireless telegraph aboard kept him in constant communication with the White House throughout the voyage. He passed most of the time with his books; but he took occasion to inspect the big ship in every part. He ate one meal with the crew and he went down into the fireroom and shovelled coal into the monster furnace.

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ed at the Isthmus, he courteously declined
t in his honor. He had no time for any-
ut the canal. "I have come," he said, "to
v they are going to dig that ditch; how
e going to build that lock; how they are
o get through that cut." Arrayed in a
a hat and a white duck suit, he landed at
o'clock in the morning, in the worst storm
years. He paid small heed to the tropic tor-
which no waterproof coat could turn, for he
sunshine man.

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President beamed upon them with joy, and he praised their proud Yankee schoolma'ams by name.

He politely excused himself from the fine luncheon which had been spread for him at the hotel, and made straight for the big mess hall of the mechanics. His party could only follow him at a distance, as he rapidly strode up the hill and into the rude dining room, where the men were eating. The flustered manager hurried away for a tablecloth, only to be called back by his unexpected guest, who said, “Just get the crumbs off this table here and go ahead.” Then he popped into the kitchen. The head cook was overwhelmed with confusion. He was sorry things weren't picked up; but the President assured him that he thought the place looked all right. Offered a “Panama cocktail” of quinine and brandy, he declined it, and instead took from his own pocket a two-grain quinine pill, which he had provided against the malarial weather. “Good as any one could wish,” was his verdict when he had finished his hearty meal.

The next thing to interest him was one of the monster steam shovels, picking up ten tons of earth at every bite. It interested him, and he climbed up

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beside the man who runs it, and who rose and spread a handkerchief in his seat. The President looked at the handkerchief and picked it up and handed it back to the man. Then he sat down and ran the machine. He asked the man if he had any grievance. Yes, he had; he had lost some extra pay. The chief engineer of the canal was summoned at once, and, seated on his grimy throne, the President heard the case. Another man stepped up and complained that he was underpaid. "Not paid enough?" the President said, quizzingly. "You're not unique in that. Do you know that some intelligent persons have even said that the President of the United States is not paid enough for his work?"

He went to the cooking quarters of the Jamaica negroes, who swarmed around him. He didn't like one thing about it. Turning to his stenographer, always at his side, note-book in hand, he said, "Cook shed — iron roof, good; floor, a swamp."

"We are going to have a concrete floor," the Superintendent explained.

"When? Why not now?" the President replied.

After a few hours of inspection the President would find it necessary to change to dry clothing.



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He called on the President of the Panama Republic, who gave a reception in his honor. President Roosevelt was very gracious to all, but before he had finished his speech, which was translated for his audience, he took occasion to show the Panamans the “big stick.” With flashing eyes, clinched jaws, and doubled fist, he warned them against the revolutionary habit, and plainly told them that unless their government could preserve the peace it would not last.

For three days the President, drenched and besplashed with mud, was ceaseless in his investigations. At every point he was saying, “Yes, yes, but what I wish to know is —” He fired every man on the work with his own enthusiasm, and when a group of American machinists cried out at him, “Teddy’s all right!” he replied, “You are all right, and I wish there were enough of me to say it with all the force I feel. Every man who does his part well in this work leaves a record worthy of being made by an American citizen. You are a straight out lot of Americans and I am proud of you.”

When the President sailed away, he left behind him a new feeling of loyalty and determination

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throughout the canal zone. The Americans there were no longer working for a mere wage, but for the glory of their country as well. Their patriotism had been aroused and their task lifted to a higher plane. They had seen an example of the "strenuous life" and had caught its spirit.



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THE PRESIDENT'S DESK IN THE EXECUTIVE BUILDINGS AT WASHINGTON — THE CABINET TABLE IS SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ROOM

1904



CHAPTER XXIV

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK



How callers get to him in the executive offices and how he greets them. — Rushing times at a reception. — Mr. Roosevelt's welcome to men from his old Wild West and to the Carlisle Indian football team. — His weakness for his Rough Rider comrades amuses those around him. — How one member of his regiment lost favor. — Bill Sewall, the guest of the President. — The record of a busy day. — Five hundred to one thousand letters daily. — Mr. Roosevelt's story of the best meal he ever ate. — His interest in the birds in the White House grounds. — Squirrels that have no fear of "the big stick."

No man of affairs in the country is more accessible than President Roosevelt. There are many presidents of little banks, there are obscure storekeepers, whom it is more difficult to see than it is to gain an audience with this President of eighty million people, this chief of a great world power. No lackeys in livery surround him, no divinity hedges him in from his countrymen.

Two policemen stand at the door of the executive building in the White House grounds, but only to preserve order. Any one may enter and apply to a secretary for permission to speak to the President.

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ever has a fair reason for this request is ad-
d to the reception room at the earliest oppor-
y. When fifteen or twenty callers are gathered
s, the door leading from the President's office
s, and the President bounds in, beaming with
enuine good-natured interest in his fellow-men,
with a "Glad to see you," seizes the first hand.
oes not stand or sit, in the usual Presidential
but bears himself as if he were in his own
and receiving a group of personal friends. He
no time to waste, however, and is so quick to
the point of each man's mission, that he is

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it is impossible for me to keep all these things in my head? Write out your application. Write it out and send it to me, with your indorsements. Come to see me again soon; good-by."

Now he whirls across the room with outstretched hand: "Hello, Senator; how are you? I want to see you in my office. You know I am depending on you now as one of my main props." Turning about, his eye lights upon a man from Iowa, and his welcome rings out: "Hello, Colonel; I am glad to see you. How are my old friends in Davenport, and especially Miss French ["Octave Thanet"]? Tell her I read everything she writes." In a few minutes he has greeted and sent away all in the room, which thus fills and is emptied five or six times in the course of a busy morning. Whoever the caller may be, whatever his business and wherever he may come from, this very national President knows instantly how to meet him. To a Montana crowd, which he found waiting for him one day, he said as he entered the reception room: "If the proprieties did not forbid, a whole-souled yell from me would be in order in greeting you. Montana is like home to me. Your irrigation plans concern the

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River district. I have hunted all over it, and do what I can for you."

The President's Western life is probably responsible for his intelligent and effective interest in irrigation and in forest reservations. In his administration the great work of reclaiming the arid waste places of the plains was begun and has been carried forward vigorously. Already great gains have been made for thousands in what was formerly a desert. At the same time the President rescued immense tracts of forest from the ruthless axe of the greedy lumberman and saved them for the benefit of the general public and of

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

into a discussion of the points in their latest game. He asked nearly every one of them to what tribe he belonged. He knew the big chiefs of some of their tribes, and the red men smiled broadly when he spoke of their leaders.

“De-lighted,” as no doubt the President honestly is to come in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, the one variety of the human species for which he has an extra cordial welcome is the Rough Rider. “My regiment” is very much in his mind and very close to his heart.

“Mr. President,” said Senator Bard of California, according to a current story, “I wish to present to you my friend —”

“Why, hello, Jim,” the President cried as he recognized in the Senator’s friend a man from the ranks of the Rough Riders; “how are you?”

The two men clasped hands heartily and the Senator was forgotten. When the President was obliged to turn to his other callers, he said, as he hastened away, “Come up to dinner to-night, Jim, just as you are;” and then, on second thought, he added, “Be sure to bring Bard with you.”

“Who’s in there?” the venerable Senator Cullom

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One day, with a jerk of his finger toward the door
of the inner room of the President. "Somebody
who was in the Rough Riders," an attendant
replied.

"Oh, well," the Senator sighed with a smile as he
went away, "what chance has a mere senator!"
Often when there is a place calling for hazardous
and faithful work, the President thinks of "just the
man" for it among his Rough Rider comrades.
He was happy to select a Rough Rider to be
United States marshal on the frontier. His choice
was proposed before the Senate. One Senator was

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

pressing emergency has taken up gambling as a livelihood. But I am sure that this man never ran a skin game of any kind, and he won't touch a card while he is marshal, for I have his word for that."

Then another Senator came along. He was troubled because he had heard that the man was a rough character, who had lost an ear in a fight.

"I know," the President said again. "He is not the smoothest character in the world, but you don't want an elegant gentleman to chase desperadoes and round them up."

Finally, however, evidence was laid before the President that this man had served a sentence in prison. He could not believe it. But when he telegraphed him, the reply was a confession. The man had shrunk from laying bare that one chapter in his life, although if he had, the President probably would have stood by him loyally. Now he felt that he had been deceived. The Senate had confirmed the nomination, but the President tore up the commission, which lay on his desk. He could not brook deception.

Theodore Roosevelt has the plain man's love of loyalty. After he had been Governor a little while,

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negro messenger whom he had found in the Executive Chamber became the father of a boy, and named him Roswell Flower in honor of his old employer, Mr. Roosevelt's predecessor in the Governor's chair. He explained to his new employer that he did it because Governor Flower had been good to him. The man's loyalty sealed his fate with Mr. Roosevelt, who not only kept him as the Governor's messenger, but also took him to Washington as the messenger of the Vice-President, notwithstanding it was in violation of custom to have a negro messenger in the Senate.

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for her cakes, and the President talked over old times with Bill.

“The President is always just the same man,” Bill declared while on his way home, “whether you see him in high society all dressed up, or in the woods, togged out in a buckskin shirt. He doesn’t judge any one by the clothes he wears or by his position in life. He takes a man at his true worth. I know him, for I have slept under the same blanket with him.” When the chance came, the President appointed Sewall to be the Collector of customs in his district. Some of the politicians had candidates of their own, but the President told them that they must let him have this one place, to do with it as he pleased. The Sewalls were not forgotten, either, when the daughter of the President was to be married, and they attended the ceremony at the White House.

The President is not only true to his friends, but he can be just to his foes. No one, not even the Spaniards, aroused more wrath in Colonel Roosevelt’s breast, at the time of the Spanish War, than a certain major in the quartermaster’s department of the regular army. They had a little war between themselves. When this officer came up for the

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highest promotion possible to him, his old antagonist of the Rough Riders was President and commander-in-chief. The Rough Rider in Mr. Roosevelt wrestled hard with the chief Magistrate, but in vain. "I wish," said the President to a friend, "I could see my way out of giving that man his promotion. But I can't. He has a tip-top record in the Civil War; he was quartermaster to Crook and Custer; and he saw service in Cuba, China, and the Philippines. Every one indorses him except myself, and I guess I shall have to bow to the majority."

In the President's extraordinary facility in despatching business, in the quickness with which his mind and body move, lies the secret of much of his remarkable efficiency. Before the caller, in stating his mission, comes to the point, the President's thought has swiftly reached it, and his decision is announced in a flash, which fairly takes away the breath of the visitor. If, however, any question of great importance is involved, there is no jumping to conclusions, no snap judgment. No President ever sought advice more freely than Mr. Roosevelt. He is not afraid to confide in men, and he will patiently talk over a serious matter with every one concerned,

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

summoning men of information from thousands of miles away, and making sure that he has seen the subject from every point of view.

When, however, the question is of a routine character, he knows in an instant what to do, and does not hesitate to take the responsibility of settling it on the spot, once and for all. "Appoint him," "Tell him no," "Go to the Secretary of the Treasury," "Answer that I will go; record the engagement and arrange my trip with the railroads," — thus the President rushes the work that his subordinates bring him.

He has an eye that is as quick as his thought, and it sweeps over a letter or the page of a book with an almost incredible rapidity. A Congressman will hand him a long type-written page. The President darts hardly more than a glance at it and hands it back. "Mr. President," the disappointed member will say, "may I not leave this with you? I am anxious that you should read it."

"But I have read it. You may examine me in it, if you like."

Another will submit a book to the President in the afternoon. That evening there may be a dinner

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party or a musicale at the White House, and the next morning the hours will be crowded with duties and callers. At luncheon the man will say, "Mr. President, of course you have not had time to look at that book."

"Oh, yes," the President will answer; "I have read it," and then he will proceed to review it, to the astonishment of his guest. The chances are that he read the book while on his way to bed. Every minute is saved for some use. The country has been amused by the frequent reports of the business transacted by him, letters dictated and interviews carried on, while his face was covered with lather and he was before his shaving glass.

A record of one busy day runs thus: 7.30, the President rises; 9, finishes breakfast; 9-10, with his mail, a stenographer beside him; 10-11, receiving senators and representatives; 11 to 1.30, except on Cabinet days, which are Tuesdays and Fridays, receiving callers by appointment; 1.30, luncheon; 2.30 or 3, callers by special appointment; 4, signs his mail and commissions (sometimes 400 of the latter); 4.30, goes to walk or drive; 7.30, dinner; 9.30, often the most serious business of his day begins in his

THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

library, for this is his first chance to be alone, and to study the matters awaiting action, free from interruptions.

A chief so efficient must have only efficient men around him, and he is fortunate in his secretary, who was with Mr. Roosevelt when he was Governor and when he was Vice-President. The President's sentiments toward this faithful and tactful assistant were thus expressed on the fly-leaf of a book which he gave him: —

To William Loeb, Jr.,
My Friend and Fellow-Politician.

Theodore Roosevelt.

It is the secretary's delicate duty, not only to stand between the President and his callers, but also between him and his numerous correspondents. The White House mail-bags bring from five hundred to a thousand letters a day, the number varying according to passing events. These letters are opened and unfolded by one man, while another then sorts them, sending as many as possible to the departments, and referring the rest to the secretary, who answers most of them without showing them to the President. He does not see more than a hundred of

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the daily total. In handling the mail everything is opened by the clerks, even letters marked "personal" and "private." The only communications treated as personal, and which reach the President unopened, bear in the corners of their envelopes the initials of known friends of Mr. Roosevelt, as for instance "H. C. L." for Senator Lodge. Even letters addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt and the children go through this sifting process, for many persons try to bring their wishes to the President's attention by indirection.

The President is always the favorite object of letter-writing cranks, and whenever there is anything going on to excite their interest, they greatly swell his mail. Early in his administration the papers described the White House as overrun with rats, and immediately a stream of friendly advice poured in. The express brought the President a large variety of traps, and one citizen sent him five cats.

Mr. Roosevelt's democratic indifference to social claims was well shown when he invited a party of labor leaders from the mines at Butte, Montana, to luncheon at the White House. While they were

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lunching, the President apologized for not giving them as good a meal as one that he ate in their own town. "It was the best I ever had," he told them. "It was in 1885, and Jack Willis, a cowboy friend of mine, and I landed in Butte. Our remittances were delayed and we had just fifty cents between us. We were so hungry we could hardly see. Finally we found a twenty-five cent restaurant, — not a Chinese restaurant either, — and I never had a meal that tasted as well as that one, and I shall never forget Butte."

Not only does the President have a cordial greeting for all under the White House roof, but he also gives a friendly welcome to the feathered visitors who probably never before received any presidential notice whatever. "A pair of red-headed woodpeckers," he records, "have nested for three years in the White House grounds, while the mocking-bird is to be found in several places within easy walking distance, though, sorry to say, it is not in the White House grounds. Neither is the wood thrush, but it is abundant out at Rock Creek Park, within the city limits. Robins, song sparrows, crow blackbirds, and cat-birds nest in the grounds. So, too, do crows, the

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of all birds, and, as such, entitled to no
The hearty, wholesome songs of the robins
the sweet homelike strains of the song sparrow
the first to be regularly heard in the grounds,
they lead the chorus. Two or three pairs of
s nest with us, and a pair of furtive cuckoos.
r of orchard orioles nested with us one spring,
ot again; the redstarts, warbling vireos, and
er warblers have been more faithful. Balti-
orioles frequently visit us, and so do the scarlet
ers and tufted titmice, but for some reason
do not nest here."



THE PRESIDENT AT WORK

The rabbits, those redoubtable foes of race suicide, breed in the grounds, and now and then the President has caught sight of a wandering possum. Gray squirrels are numerous, and some of them have so little fear of "the big stick," that they eat out of his hand. In the hot June days the indigo bird chants through the afternoon, and one June the President, as he sat in the star-lit darkness on the lovely south portico of the White House, often heard two little saw-whet owls snoring softly.

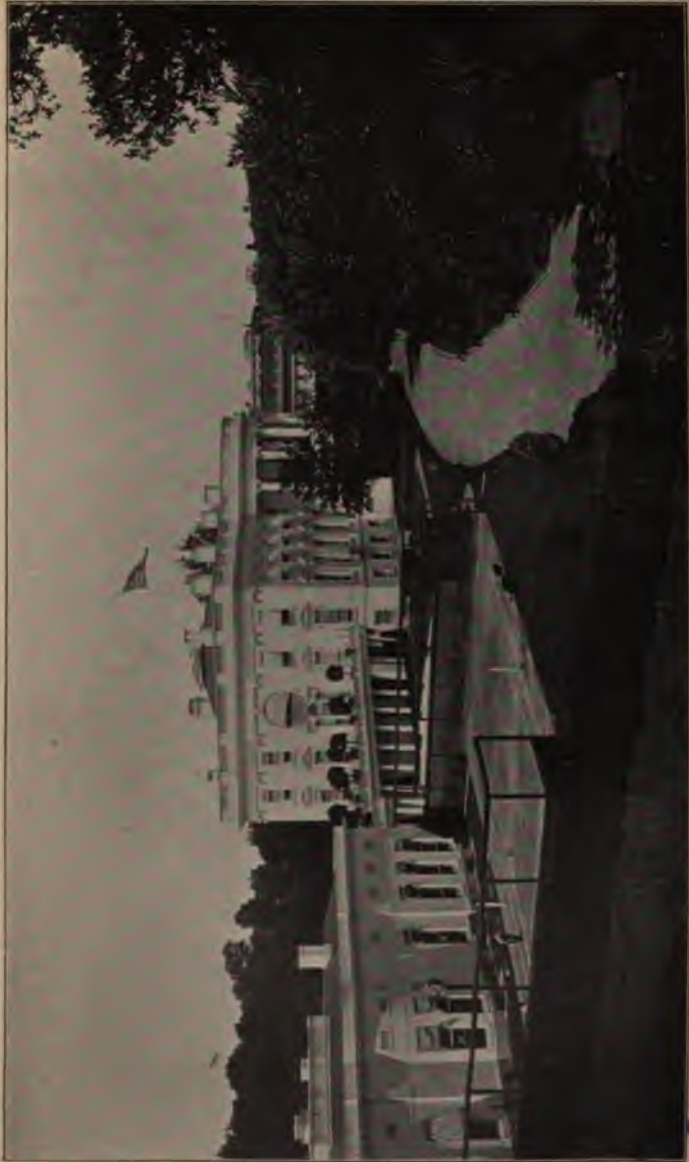
CHAPTER XXV

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE



President's faithful shadows from the Secret Service. —
ing the White House and making it a decent habitation. —
Roosevelt as a housekeeper. — Her two kitchens and two
g rooms. — How guests are entertained. — The White
e under the Roosevelts no petty palace, but a true American
. — Mr. Roosevelt refuses to take precedence of ladies. —
ington shocked by his freedom from ancient customs. —
simple life at Pine Knob, down in old Virginia. — The
lent at church.

SIDENT ROOSEVELT had the courage, at the
of his administration, to take measures



THE REMODELLED WHITE HOUSE

1900



LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

rank Russia and Turkey as the breeding place of assassins. Our Presidents were murdered because they were the only chiefs of state in the world who were never guarded against the murderous lunatic seeking a shining mark. One protecting hand could have saved Lincoln, Garfield, or McKinley. It was a tradition of the Presidency, however, to have no guard, — to “trust the people.”

President Roosevelt was not afraid that his countrymen would think him a coward if he took a few simple precautions to prevent a recurrence of the tragedy at Buffalo, which had shocked the world and stained again the history of the Presidency. He stopped the foolish and exhausting custom of wholesale handshaking, which, after all, was only a vulgar affectation of democracy. He took a detail of men from the Bureau of the Secret Service, and two of them have been beside him on all public occasions. They wear no uniforms, and their presence is not noticed by the people. One sits with the driver of any carriage in which the President rides, and when he addresses a meeting, the secret service men are between him and the crowd. If he goes for a horseback ride in Washington, a cavalry ser-

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geant, who is an expert horseman, tries to keep within fifteen paces of him. The people no more resent this simple escort than a man's honest neighbors would take offence because he locked his door against the thief in the night.

Mr. Roosevelt not only had the courage thus to protect himself, but he also believed that the people did not wish to condemn their President to live in shabby quarters. The White House in its pure, classic outlines is a noble dwelling. Sometimes through indifference, sometimes through fear of popular censure, Presidents had suffered it to fall into a neglected condition. There were threadbare carpets, and it was infested with rats and mice. Its space was so poorly arranged that there was little privacy for the family of the President. The servants had to sleep in the cellar. The butcher's and the grocer's carts were driven to the front door, and the provisions were delivered at the same entrance at which ambassadors were received. The kitchen was in full view of the loungers and the passers-by.

"Well, Mr. President," a senator is said to have remarked to President McKinley one morning, "I



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see you are to have Irish stew for luncheon to-day."

"Why," exclaimed the President, "how on earth do you know?"

"Oh, as I came in, I saw a party of sight-seers watching what was going on in your kitchen, and so I joined them, and saw your cook making an Irish stew."

Mr. Roosevelt found the house so crowded with clerks and their offices that there were not sufficient accommodations for his family, and no opportunity whatever to practise the hospitality to which he and Mrs. Roosevelt were accustomed. Because of this lack of room it had been proposed from time to time to abandon the place as a residence for the Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt, however, had a reverence for its great associations. He said it was an inspiration to him to tread the halls through which the gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln used to stalk.

He planned to save the White House and make it an agreeable home for the chief executive. An unsightly greenhouse at the right was torn away, and in its place a small office building was erected for the use of the clerical force. This left the Presi-

... and bear
of the structure,
divided into rece
was made through
on the end oppo
entrance twenty-fiv
for the convenience
while on its roof a pl
The old place was
sacrificing any of it.
guests had to stand in
through the narrow fro
confusion, leave by a ter
a window, they now ente
are admitted to the roo
from which they ascend a
floor, where they are



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

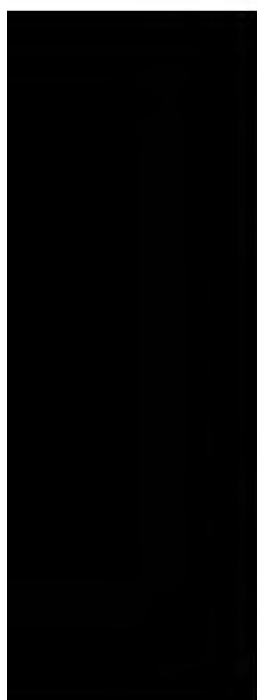
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

family in undisputed possession of the upper
of the mansion. The lower floor, where the
g-rooms and dining rooms are, was rear-
and beautified in accordance with the design
structure, while half of the basement was
into reception rooms, and a new entrance
ade through a pretty terrace, which was built
end opposite the office building. In this
e twenty-five hundred hat boxes were placed
convenience of guests on social occasions,
n its roof a pleasant promenade was provided.
old place was transformed, and yet without



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT





LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

the number is flashed on an electric sign out in the street, where the waiting coachman can see it.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a devoted and diligent house-keeper, and has left the impress of her taste and care on every part of the remodelled White House. She has two kitchens, one for the cooking of the daily fare, while the other is used only for the preparation of the large dinners. At such times a chef is called in, but ordinarily a woman cook and two helpers are equal to the requirements. Every up-to-date convenience has been installed, including an electric warmer, where three thousand plates can be warmed at once, and there is an electric dumb waiter which goes up or down at the pressing of a button.

There are two dining rooms, the larger being used only for the state dinners, when nearly one hundred guests can be seated and served at the big table, which is in the form of a horseshoe.

A guest bidden to a formal dinner at the White House finds in the dressing room in the basement, when he arrives, a small envelope addressed to himself, which contains a card bearing the name of the lady whom he is to take into the dining room, and with it a diagram of the table, with his seats indi-

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The company assembles in the great East and promptly at eight o'clock the President and Mrs. Roosevelt come downstairs from the family and enter the room. The President offers his arm to the lady who is to have the place of honor at the dinner, and her husband escorts Roosevelt. On the table electric lights gleam on the flowers, and the music of the Marine Band comes softly in from a distant part of the house. It has been said that these state dinners entail an expense of \$1000 each, which must be met from the President's own purse, as no provision by

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

been called for a time to serve his countrymen in executive office.”

Feeling that his own breeding was good enough, he has refused to put on Presidential manners. For instance, there was an old rule under which he would take precedence of his wife. He rejected it at once, refusing to go through a door before any woman. Again, Washington was shocked one morning, not long after Mr. Roosevelt took office, to hear that the President had walked over to Senator Hanna's to breakfast. A President was supposed never to enter the door of any one outside the circle of his official family, the members of the Cabinet. Mr. Roosevelt, however, would not be a prisoner in the White House. One day he even dropped in at the British Embassy and called on Lord Pauncefote. That was almost treasonable in the eyes of the tradition worshippers, for the Embassy was really foreign soil. Nevertheless they survived to see him sail away from the shores of the United States and pay a visit to the President of Panama.

A story is told of the President joining some house painters, who were at work at the White House.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"How much do you get a day?" he asked one

"Three dollars and a quarter."

"That's mighty good pay for such pleasant

Using a brush, he rapidly covered ten square
feet and then said:—

"I used to think I should like to be a painter.

"Why does painting appeal to me because you can see
so much accomplished with each stroke of the

Just as the President is in the White House, he



THE MAIN CORRIDOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE

SMITHSONIAN



LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

ride horseback to a church several miles away, and throughout their brief vacations in the Old Dominion they joy in the simple life.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt have striven, in spite of traditions, to live their lives in their own way in the White House. Under their influence it has been an example before the world of an American home. They have made it the meeting place of all the talents of their time. Their roll of guests includes most of the men of action and achievement in all lines of work, ranging from railway presidents to the youth who has brought out his first book, from labor leaders to musicians, from clergymen to explorers. An interesting caller in the morning is likely to be asked to come back for luncheon, and the steward is fortunate if he knows half an hour in advance how many plates to lay. These unofficial entertainments are distinguished for their ease and simplicity.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a most gifted hostess, and one of the few mistresses of the White House so generously endowed with tact as to have escaped criticism. Her devotion to her family leaves no room for social ambitions, and her simple, sincere manners disarm the critics. Her hair is brown, her face fair, and her figure

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and of medium height. Visitors from foreign
s have remarked the linguistic accomplish-
of the President and his wife. He is fond of
ng his German and French, and Mrs. Roose-
aks French and Italian with graceful ease.
of the few misrepresentations of his private
ch has provoked a reply from the President
ewspaper story of the elaborate menus of the
House. This so stirred his indignation that
d a statement in which he took the country
kitchen confidence. "We eat exactly the
od," he declared, "as do all other American
ll." F

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

know how to use knives and forks, they do keep their elbows off the table, and they bow their heads during the saying of grace.”

The President attends almost the plainest church in Washington, Grace Reformed Church, the nearest approach in the city to his ancestral denomination, the Dutch Reformed. Mrs. Roosevelt has a pew at St. John's Episcopal, and most of the children go with her. One of them, however, usually takes his father's hand, as he walks off briskly to his modest services, pursued by his shadows from the Secret Service. On entering, the President lays his gloved hand on the uncushioned pew post and bows his head in silent prayer. The deacons praise "Brother Roosevelt" for his promptness in attendance and for his friendly interest in the little church and the plain members of its congregation. He reads the responses with evident enjoyment and sings the hymns lustily.

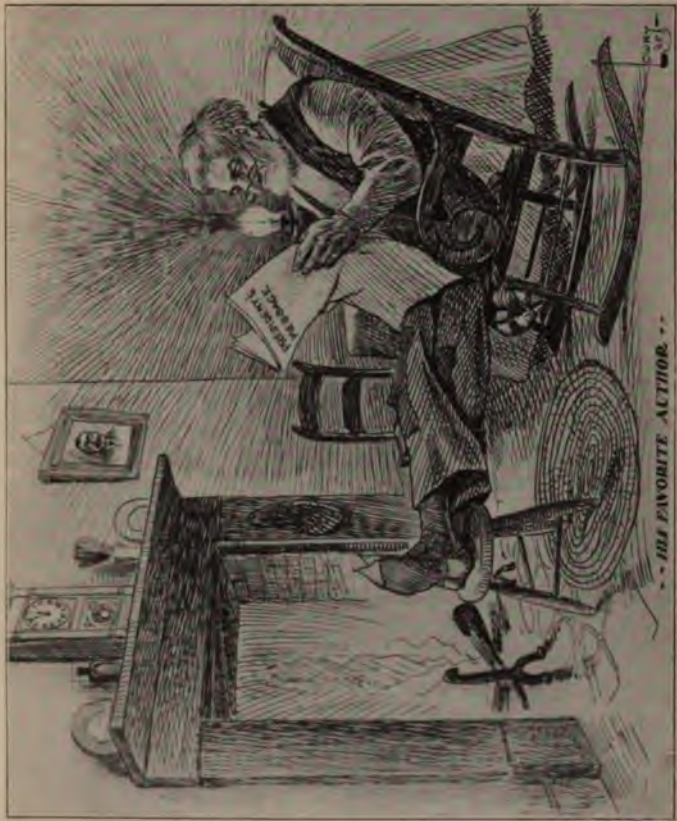
The pastor's pew is in front of the President's, and the pastor's eight-year-old boy and Mr. Roosevelt are great friends. "It's half my duty in church," he insists to the lad's mother, "to take care of Johnny. I don't know what he would do if I did not look out for him." Once when the President

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came back from his summer vacation at Oyster Bay, Johnny asked after the Roosevelt boys. "I don't know how they are," the President replied, "for when I last saw them they were eating green apples."

The President reserves one room for himself in the White House. It was formerly the Cabinet room, and this is where he is most at home. There he is surrounded with a large variety of characteristic keepsakes, — a belt of cartridges, a sword, a Russian revolver which Admiral Togo sent him, the candlestick used in sealing the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia at Portsmouth, and many original drawings of cartoons relating to himself. One of these represents a keen-eyed American farmer, gray-haired and shaggy-bearded, with his stocking feet on a foot-rest before a fire, and a lamp at his elbow, by the light of which he is reading the President's message.

"That's the old boy I am working for in the White House," President Roosevelt enthusiastically explains to a caller whose attention has been attracted to the cartoon. "The future of this nation rests with him. He will never ask to have the laws set aside. He will never use dynamite as an argument. He is a true American."

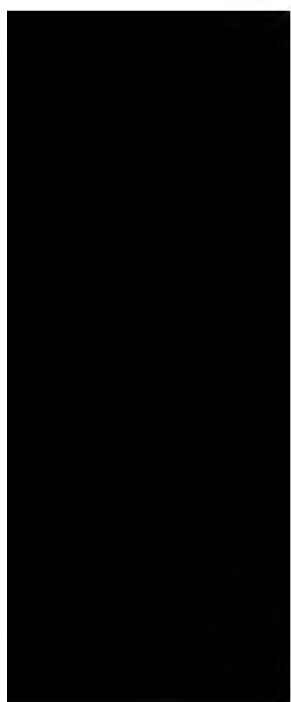


— HIS FAVORITE AUTHOR. —

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A CARTOON THE PRESIDENT LIKES

1877



CHAPTER XXVI

LIFE AT OYSTER BAY



There alone the President is really at home, amid the scenes of his boyhood, where three generations of the Roosevelts have played. — Sagamore Hill and its trophies of the chase. — Oyster Bay, as the "summer capital," where a clerical force from the White House is busily employed. — The naval reviews. — Going down in a submarine boat. — The peace in the great war between Japan and Russia made at Oyster Bay. — The President's distinguished guests and his pastimes. — Chopping trees and pitching hay. — Feathered visitors whom the Roosevelts welcome.

OYSTER BAY is where President Roosevelt really lives. What Mount Vernon was in Washington's time, what Monticello was in Jefferson's, Montpelier in Madison's, the Hermitage in Jackson's, Lindenwald in Van Buren's, Wheatland in Buchanan's, and what Gray Gables was when Cleveland was President, Sagamore Hill is to the nation in our day. It is the President's snug harbor, his haven from the tempests which forever beat upon the White House.

Oyster Bay is home to the President more than any other spot on earth. His grandfather first dis-

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

and it for the Roosevelts, and built him a stately
er home there, which he named "Tranquillity."
n succeeded to the place, and in due time his
on, the President, built his home near-by at
ore Hill. All around are the scenes where as
he played and dreamed a boy's dreams. In
y he learned to swim, and in the groves round
he gained his first lessons in nature. He
with pleasure to the place "where three
ions of Roosevelts have raced down the steep
f Cooper's Bluff," and all the coves and hills
llows are as old friends.

LIFE AT OYSTER BAY

of elk, and deer, and antelope, and Rocky Mountain sheep, all personal souvenirs of "the strenuous life."

Fond as he is of play, Mr. Roosevelt, more than any other President, takes his work with him when he leaves Washington. Oyster Bay actually becomes the summer capital of the nation. Executive offices are opened over a store in the village, and a clerical force is kept busily employed. Several hours each day are given by the President to despatching the correspondence and other public business brought to him by his secretary, and to holding interviews with those who call by appointment. Strangers must first present themselves at the office in the village; and Secret Service men, on guard day and night at Sagamore Hill, see that no one without the proper credentials is permitted to trespass on the President's time.

Oyster Bay, being a suburb of New York, only a few miles from the boundary of the city, and an hour's ride from its centre on the express, receives a constant stream of official and political visitors. The eyes of all the world were upon it throughout the long summer, when the President was making peace between Japan and Russia, from Sagamore Hill.

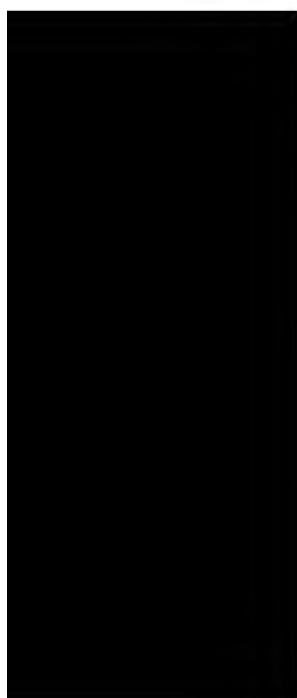
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

he received the embassies of the two warring
s and brought them together, and thither
nmoned first one and then the other of them,
their negotiations were threatened with wreck.
y a day passes without visitors and affairs of
tance. Great naval reviews have been held
e President off the shore of Oyster Bay, and
from a wharf there that he made his secret
unknown to his family, in the submarine boat
er. He was on her three hours in all, and at one
was under water for fifty minutes, going down
bottom of the Sound, where he sat as cozy as



By permission of "Country Life in America"

SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY



LIFE AT OYSTER BAY

not come until he was at luncheon. General Corbin was present, and the President at once turned to him and asked, "General, is there such a rule?"

"Yes, Mr. President," he answered.

"Why?"

"The Department adopted it, I believe, from motives of economy."

"General, can you telegraph from here to the Philippines?"

General Corbin thought that if the order were to be repealed it could better be done from Washington. But the President said: "No, no; we will not wait. The mothers who gave the best they had to the country should not be breaking their hearts that the government may save twenty-five or fifty dollars. Save the money somewhere else." Forthwith, from the table at Sagamore Hill went the new ruling that the names of the privates as well as those of the officers falling in the Philippines, should be sent home by cable.

An English guest of world-wide experience pronounced the table-talk at Oyster Bay as brilliant as any he ever had heard. The variety of the President's topics, his grasp of subjects, his out-of-the-way

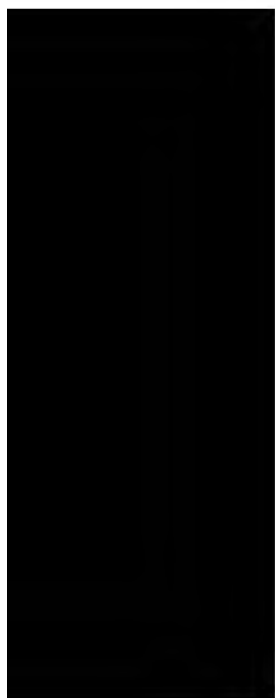
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ledge, and his marvellous memory reminded him
e conversation of Gladstone. A British army
r, with a long experience in India, declared,
his visit, that the President knew more than he
t the history and the administration of the
n government. An ambassador, lunching at
er Bay, made some remark about a buffalo head
e wall. This led his host to express his regret
ve in this country should have exterminated the
ican bison in a dozen years, where Europe was
usand years in killing off the auroch. Then
lked of the migration of the fauna of South



THE LIBRARY AT SAGAMORE HILL

1907



LIFE AT OYSTER BAY

is by no means crowded out of the life of the President when he is there. On the contrary he has the versatility to carry on his public duties without interfering with the pleasures of his vacation. He chops trees, pitches hay, rides and walks, plays tennis, and romps with his children in a spirit free from the cares of office. He and Mrs. Roosevelt find time to keep up the best relations with their neighbors. The President's wife joins the sewing circle of her church, and, on one occasion when the women were working for the crippled children in a Brooklyn institution, she made half a dozen night-gowns for the little unfortunates. She visits the sick and the unhappy of the town, not with the condescension of a great lady, but as a sympathetic friend.

The President, here as everywhere, is a keen observer of nature. He and his boys eagerly welcome any of the field folk who venture to visit Sagamore Hill, always, of course, provided that they come with no evil design on the poultry. A mink was treated as a friend until some chicken feathers were found too near his lair. The entire place is a favorite resort for many kinds of birds. There are sharp-tailed finches in the marsh, there are wood-thrushes

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

n nest around the house; Baltimore orioles
their nests in an elm near the porch; robins,
birds, valiant king-birds, song-sparrows, chippies,
t-colored thistle-finches, make their home near
swallows build in the chimneys; humming-
flit among the honeysuckles and trumpet-
rs; there are wrens in the shrubbery, and in
orchard there are woodpeckers, while thrushes
Maryland yellowthroats are in the hedges,
sparrows and prairie-warblers in the cedars.
kadees are everywhere and jays chatter in the
mber. The cedar-birds prey upon the cherries

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

Prouder to be the father of six than the head of a nation. — His tribute to the athletic accomplishments of his elder daughter, for he likes little girls to be tomboys. — Himself a good deal of a boy, he is happiest to be a comrade in the ranks with his sons. — They play and read, tramp and ride together. — Swarms of strange pets at Oyster Bay, ranging from a badger to a zebra. — Kangaroo-rats and flying-squirrels in the boys' pockets and blouses. — Big names for little guinea-pigs. — Archie's Icelandic pony rides in the White House elevator. — The President and his boys camping out.

“WHAT we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now the chances are that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

able to follow is to hit the line hard; don't foul
don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

...s admire President Roosevelt because he him-
...is a good deal of a boy." Some men have
...d that Mr. Roosevelt never has matured; but
...saying no more than that he has not stopped
...g, that he is not yet imprisoned in the crust
... To him the world is still young and unfin-
... He has a boy's fresh faith that the things that
...to be done can be done. His eyes are on the



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

with the President which this nickname implies. It does not mean that they are lacking in respect for him; it simply means that they are not afraid of him, and that they feel they know him and he knows them.

“Is that where Teddy works?” the little fellow eagerly inquires, as his father points out the executive building beside the White House.

“Who is President of the United States?” a Syracuse teacher asks.

“Roosevelt,” a little girl answers.

“By what title is the President known?”

“Teddy,” is the prompt response.

Young America is drawn to the President through his delight in his own children. He is prouder to be the father of a family of six than to be the head of the nation. This is the domestic roster:—

Alice Lee (named for her mother, the first Mrs. Roosevelt), born in New York City, February 12, 1884; married Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, at the White House, February 17, 1906.

Theodore, Jr. (named for his father), born at Oyster Bay, September 13, 1887.

Kermit (this is the middle name of his mother), born at Oyster Bay, October 10, 1889.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

el Carow (named for her mother's family),
t Oyster Bay, August 13, 1891.

ibald Bulloch (named for a paternal ancestor,
t Governor of the State of Georgia), born in
ngton, April 9, 1894.

ntin (named for a maternal ancestor) born in
ngton, November 19, 1897.

chief ambition of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt has
een to rear a brilliant family, but to keep
hildren like other children, unspoiled by their
s distinction, and to bring them up simply and
them to be womanly women and manly men.



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MR. AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AND THEIR CHILDREN



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

is not necessary for health, but outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of that."

Coming to womanhood while her father was President, Alice was obliged to pay the penalty of his fame. Her every step was published to the world and her name was made a favorite subject of gossip and rumor. It was a trying ordeal for a young woman, but it must be granted by all that she passed through this trial with a careless indifference, worthy of her father's spirit of courage and independence. The German Emperor selected her to christen his yacht, when it was launched in an American shipyard, and she complied with the imperial request simply and modestly. After the launching she sent this message by cable: —

"His Majesty, the Emperor,

"Berlin, Germany:

"The *Meteor* has been successfully launched. I congratulate you, and I thank you for your courtesy to me, and I send my best wishes.

"ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT."

Some guardians of royal etiquette in Europe seemed to be a little shocked by the lack of formality, by the directness of that greeting from an American girl

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

to an august sovereign. Doubtless the Kaiser liked this girlish frankness. He knows we have no court manners over here. Miss Roosevelt again became involved in court etiquette when she planned to attend the coronation of King Edward in London. The American ambassador had invited her to join him on that occasion and she was as ready as any other girl to see so grand a pageant. When, however, a debate arose as to whether the daughter of the President should be received as a princess, she and her father lost their patience, and the journey was abandoned in disgust.

Afterward, on a trip to the Philippine Islands with an official party, she was received without ostentation, but with a pleasing courtesy, at the courts of China and Japan. Rumor had busily linked her name with nearly every titled young diplomat in Washington, when she announced her engagement to an untitled American citizen, and in due time enrolled herself among the "White House brides."

With his four sons President Roosevelt is more like an elder brother than a father. He has no paternal airs for them. When he went out to the church school which Ethel attends near Washington,



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

he made a speech, in which he said, "Life in the family circle is usually shaped predominantly for good or evil by the mother, even more than by the father," and accordingly the President rather takes his place in the ranks as an equal comrade of his sons. They play and read, tramp and ride together. There are reports of furious pillow fights between them even in the White House. Ignoring his rightful dignity, they have been known to oblige him to get down on all fours and be a bear — a real, live "Teddy bear," with a table or a bush for his den.

The President is most likely to say "we" when speaking of his boys, and when he tells of the things he and they can do together, he is sometimes guilty of a boastful note. "When it comes to boxing or riding," he has been heard to say, "I think all of us can hold our own." He tries his best to keep up with them in all their amusements. Tales of the sea appeal to him as strongly as to them, and if he hears them praise a story they are reading, he is likely to take their advice and read it.

He is very fond of fairy tales. His mother's sister, Mrs. Gracie, told him in his childhood many

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

of the Uncle Remus stories, long before Joel Chandler Harris put them into literature. The minister from Holland found to his surprise and pleasure that the President knew the Dutch kinder-*tales* as well as he, and the ambassador from Italy was amazed when he recalled the story of a famous hero of Italian children, which the Ambassador himself had almost forgotten. When his children began to talk of Irish fairies, their father felt that his education had been neglected, for he did not know them. He was not too old to learn, however, and he made himself acquainted with the leprechaun and the rest of the fairy folk of the Emerald Isle, so that his youngsters should not be ahead of him.

As Santa Claus he used to be a high favorite, in the old Oyster Bay days, at least. Once when he had distributed the Christmas gifts among his own and the neighbors' children, he made a little speech in which he said to them: "I want you all as you grow up to have a good time. I do not think enough of a sour-faced child to spank him. And while you are having a good time, work, for you will have a good time while you work, if you work the right way. If the time ever comes for you to fight, fight as you

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

have worked, for it will be your duty. A coward, you know, is several degrees meaner than a liar. Be manly and gentle to those weaker than yourselves. Hold your own and at the same time do your duty to the weak, and you will come pretty near being noble men and women."

The President has taught his boys to shoot and box, to swim and row and ride. He has tried to teach them not to be afraid of anything. Their country place at Oyster Bay swarms with all kinds of strange pets. A little girl out in Kansas threw a live badger on the platform of the President's car, and he brought the queer thing home for his children. They had a lot of fun with him in spite of his habit of biting their bare legs. First and last they have had such playfellows as a lion, a hyena, a wild-cat, a coyote, two big parrots, five bears, an eagle, a barn owl, several snakes and lizards, a zebra which the Emperor of Abyssinia sent them, kangaroo-rats and flying squirrels, rabbits, and guinea-pigs.

Many of these animals and reptiles were thrust upon the family as gifts, and after a time were added to the public zoölogical collection in New York.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

kangaroo-rats and flying squirrels slept in the
s and blouses of the children, whence they
mes made unexpected appearances at the
fast and dinner table or in school.

re are dogs without number, for dogs like the
ent. They bound out to welcome him, and
ls each by name and gives him a fond pat.
when he was in a theatre box in Washington
strayed out on the stage, and, stretching him-
awned loud and long. There was a roar of
er from the audience, in which Mr. Roosevelt's
was by no means lost. At any rate, the dog

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

chase, but liked best a front seat on the President's horse. At night he would sleep on the foot of his bed, and growl defiance at anybody and anything that came near. "I grew attached to the friendly, bright little fellow," the President has confessed, "and at the end of the hunt I took him home as a playmate for the children."

Some of Skip's new companions at Oyster Bay bore names far more imposing than his. There was a black bear, with an uncertain temper, whom the children had named Jonathan Edwards in honor of the famous divine, who was an ancestor of their mother. There were guinea-pigs who bore names in compliment to Bishop Doane of Albany, Father O'Grady, a neighboring priest, Dr. Johnson, Fighting Bob Evans, and Admiral Dewey. A distinguished man, who was calling on the President, did not understand this custom, and therefore was bewildered to hear one of the children rush in and breathlessly report, "Oh, oh, Father O'Grady has had some children!"

Perhaps the most honored representative of the animal kingdom at Oyster Bay is Algonquin, a little calico pony from far-away Iceland, which Secretary

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

lock gave to Archie. Skip, as well as Archie, likes to ride Algonquin. Nothing is too good for the Delaware, and, when a naval officer came to call in dress uniform, Archie was so impressed that he once ran to get Algonquin that he too might witness the spectacle. The pageant was lost on him, however, and he would look at nothing except the nice grass in the lawn, which he nibbled greedily.

It was once when Archie was sick in the White House that Algonquin made up for all past neglect. The able boys were sure that if the invalid could have a visit from the pony it would do him more good

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

he fries the fish or strips of beefsteak and thin slices of potatoes. "You ought to taste my father's steak," Archie boasts all the rest of the year. "He tumbles it all in together, potatoes, onions, and steak. I tell you it's fine." After supper the President tells them stories of big game out West, of mountain lions and grizzly bears, while the little fellows watch the shadows around them. One night they heard a fox barking in the woods, which thrilled them through and through, and they discussed the chance of seeing him in the morning. And sure enough they saw him running along the shore while they and the President were in for their early swim.

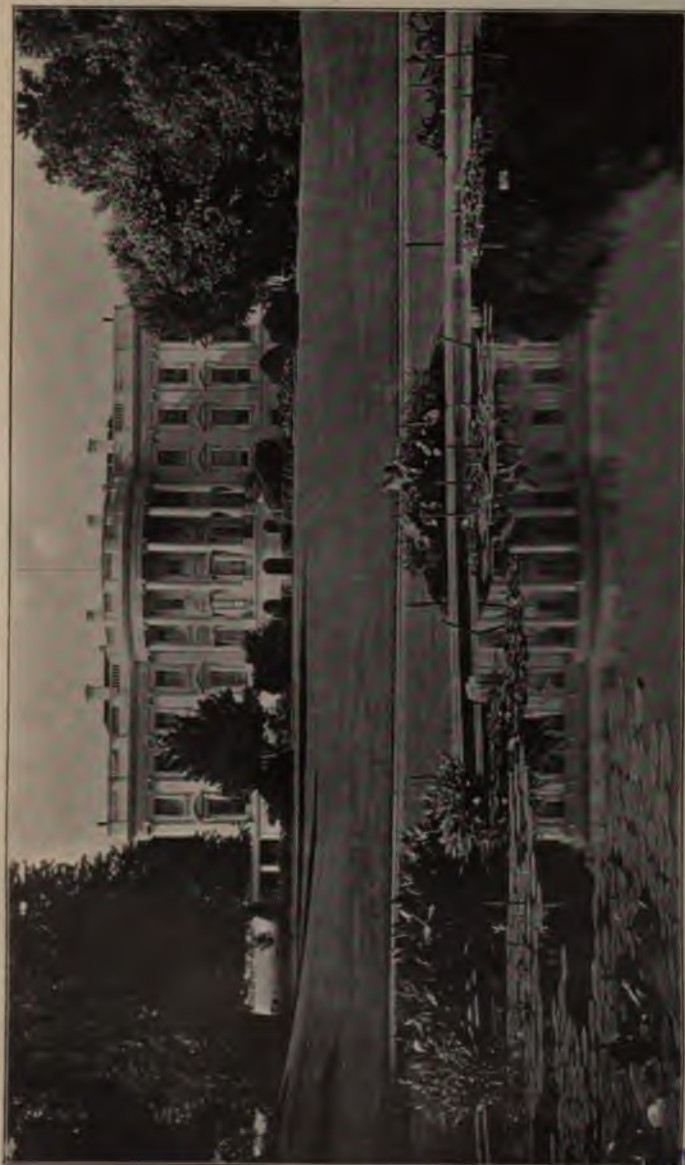
The eternal boy in the President can always hear the call of his boys. On a certain occasion several of the boys came into the library while he was talking with a man, and one of the cousins spoke up: "Uncle, it's after four." "So it is," the President replied, as he looked at the clock. "Why didn't you call me sooner? One of you get my rifle. I must ask you to excuse me," he said, as he turned to his caller. "We'll finish this talk later. I promised the boys I would go shooting with them at four o'clock, and I never keep them waiting. It's hard

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

for a boy to wait." In order to give his boys a chance for rifle practice he has provided a two-hundred-yard range at Oyster Bay.

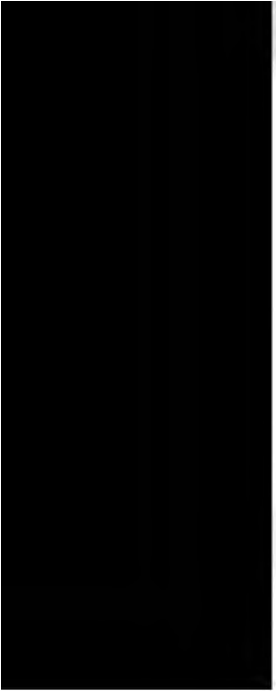
At another time Quentin sought out his father in the gun room, where he had taken refuge for the purpose of finishing some writing. A negro gardener had seen a coon in the hickory grove, and the President must come with his rifle "right away." So off they went, Quentin claspng the butt of the rifle, until they came to the impudent invader in a big hollow chestnut tree. The President has the utmost tolerance for all kinds of wild guests, but this one was too near the chicken coop. A short while before, a possum had been spared in mistaken kindness and had done much harm to the poultry. The coon was doomed, and when the President and his son returned to the house, each carried a hind leg of the rascal.

For the boys the glory of the White House is a poor exchange for the free life at Oyster Bay. When the President told one of them, early in their experience at the mansion, not to walk through the flower beds because the gardener objected, the lad indignantly exclaimed, "I don't see what good it does you to be



THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

OF THE



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CHILDREN

President; there are so many things we can't do here." No doubt he had learned with disappointment that it was an idle dream which the old rhyme expressed: —

"If I were President of these United States,
I'd eat molasses candy and swing on the White House gates."

Still no one feels much like pitying Quentin, when he is seen romping about the south portico in blue overalls, just like any other boy. He can play police, too, with the real police who guard the grounds. He and Archie delight in lining up with the blue-coated squad at roll-call and saluting the sergeant gravely. When one of the policemen was removed for some cause, Archie became his champion. "You meet me when I come out of school to-morrow," he said to the man, "and we'll go see Senator Lodge about this." He knew enough of practical politics to know that it was well to have an influential senator on his side.

The boys go to the public schools, even if they are the President's sons. When one of them was asked how he got along with the "common boys" in school, he is said to have replied: "My father says there are

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

all boys and short boys, and bad boys and good
and that's all the kinds of boys there are."

When they are old enough, they go to Harvard,
father's college, and when Theodore, Jr., joined
the most sought-for club, the President left the White
House and made a special trip to Cambridge, in order
to see him admitted. He himself had belonged to
the Arcellian, and he took as much pride in seeing
his son enter its sacred precincts as when he gained
the same coveted privilege twenty-five years before.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AS A SPORTSMAN



The Roosevelt doctrine as to sports. — Physical exercise a duty as well as a pastime. — The “square deal” in athletics. — The President on football and prize fighting. — His ideals as a hunter. — How he killed his first deer, and his remorse. — The chase, and not the slaughter, is the true object. — To live in the wilderness, to learn to endure and to gain self-reliance the greatest rewards. — Joys of hunting in the Yellowstone without a rifle. — Chasing the cougar, the wolf, and the bear. — A battle with a grizzly.

“Oh, our manhood’s prime vigor. No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew embraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living — the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver
shock
Of a plunge in a pool’s living water, the hunt of a bear —
How good is man’s life, the mere living . . .”

— A quotation from Robert Browning, in one of the
Roosevelt hunting books.

ATHLETIC sports are among the many activities of his time which President Roosevelt represents. It cannot be said that they ever before had a representative in the White House. Most of his predecessors grew up in simple communities where the mere task of getting a living was a sufficient muscular

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

...to the abuse of other professional sports apply
...erated form, but, in addition, the exhibition
...very demoralizing and brutalizing effect."

...ident Roosevelt's favorite pastime is hunting.
...s devoured the literature of the chase in all
...and in all ages, and he has hunted nearly all
...ld things of the United States, furred and
...ed alike. No one, however, could have more
...pt than he for any shooting that involves
...e regards as a wanton destruction of life.
... expressed his impatience with "vegetarians
...abby Hindoo type"; but he has oftener

AS A SPORTSMAN

at Harvard and played on the nine. But if he had been satisfied with that, do you suppose he would now be Attorney-General of the United States? No, indeed; nothing disgusts me more than to see the way many college athletes drop out of sight after leaving college."

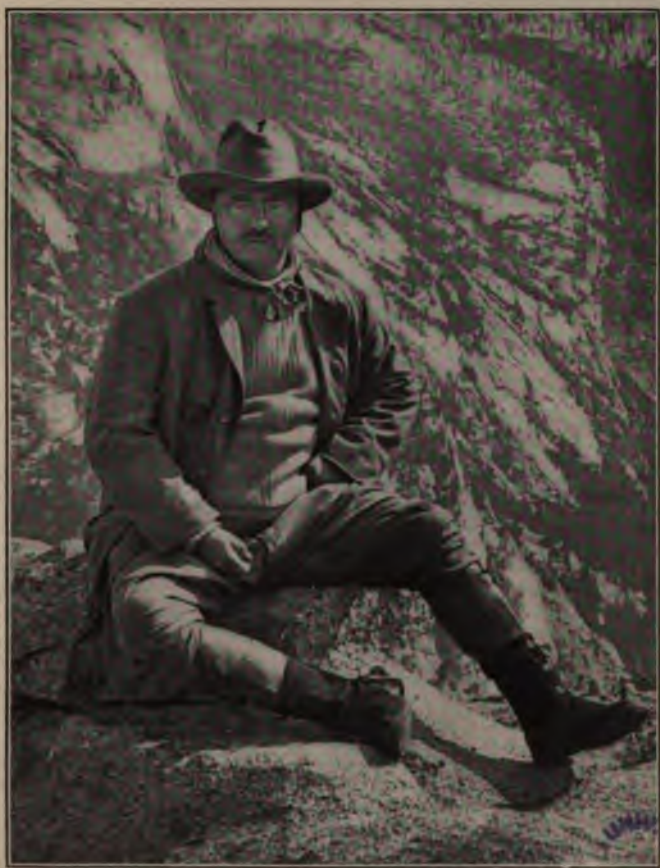
Mr. Roosevelt is always a stanch defender of college athletics as a means of saving us from becoming a nation of "mollycoddles," but the evils of intercollegiate contests have no more earnest foe than he. In the midst of his Presidential duties, he has taken time to send for the coaches of some of the big university football teams and to confer with them for the improvement of the game. He carries the spirit of the "square deal" into all fields of sports. Although himself a devotee of boxing, he urged, as Governor, the repeal of the law under which prize-fights were held in New York. "Boxing," he said in his message, "is a fine sport," but "when any sport is carried on primarily for money — that is, as a business — it is in danger of losing much that is valuable, and of acquiring some exceedingly undesirable characteristics. In the case of prize-fighting, not only do all the objections which

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

to the abuse of other professional sports apply
savaged form, but, in addition, the exhibition
very demoralizing and brutalizing effect.”

President Roosevelt's favorite pastime is hunting.

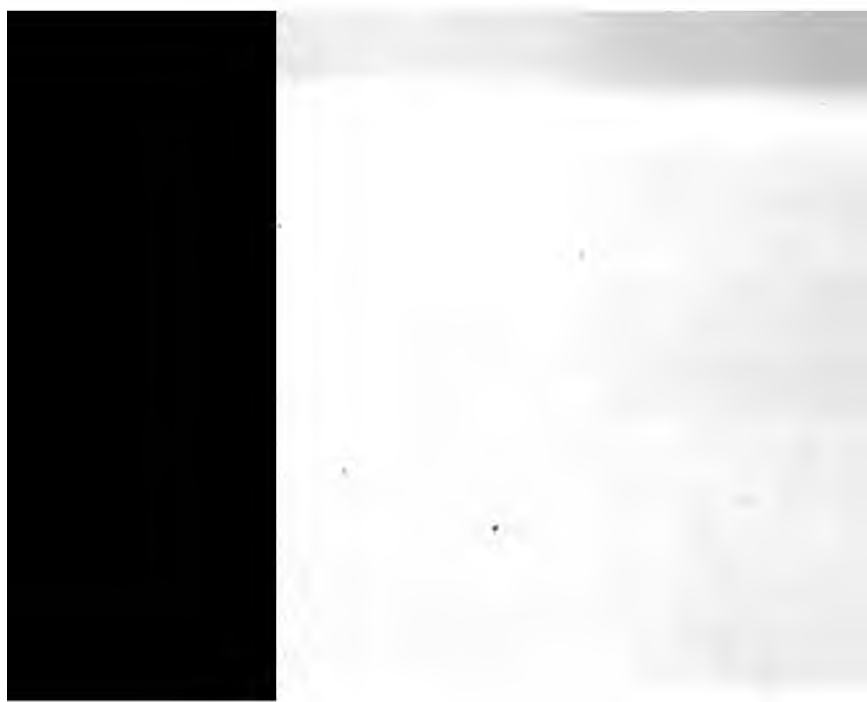
He devoured the literature of the chase in all
lands and in all ages, and he has hunted nearly all
the wild things of the United States, furred and
feathered alike. No one, however, could have more
appreciated sport than he for any shooting that involves
the mere regard as a wanton destruction of life.
He expressed his impatience with “vegetarians
of the flabby Hindoo type”; but he has oftener



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE ROCKIES

UNION
2012



AS A SPORTSMAN

chase, he has denounced as "simple butchery." In his Wild West days he disliked to shoot antelope in winter, because "I felt the animals were then having a sufficiently hard struggle for existence anyhow."

It is his opinion that "no sportsman, if he has a healthy mind, will long take pleasure in any method of hunting, in which somebody else shows the skill and does the work, so that his share is only nominal. The minute sport is carried on on those terms it becomes a sham, and a sham is always detrimental to all who take part in it."

For shooting birds as they are let out of a trap he has never cared, and he is not in sympathy with the English style of hunting, which often involves the wholesale slaughter of game as it is driven directly before the guns by a swarm of hired attendants. The shooting, without the chase, would not appeal to him. "I feel that the chase of any animal," he has said, "has in it two chief elements of attraction. The first is the chance given to be in the wilderness. The second is the demand made by the particular kind of chase upon the qualities of manliness and hardihood."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

a certain familiar variety of sportsmanship he expressed himself in these terms: "It ought to be necessary to point out that the wilderness is not made for those who are dependent upon luxuries, but is made above all for those who make a camping trip in the wilderness for the sake of the wilderness, and not as a excuse for debauchery. Neither the man who brings along a French cook and champagne on a hunting trip, nor his equally objectionable, though less objectionable, brother, who is chiefly concerned with filling his stomach by emptying a large whiskey jug, has any place in the real life of the wilderness."

ently to understand the outdoor Roosevelt, to

AS A SPORTSMAN

man, to be bold and hardy, and wonted to feats of strength, and to endure, to be able to live in the open, and to feel a self-reliant readiness in any crisis." To him the wilderness is a part of the school of life. "The qualities that make a good soldier," he once wrote, "are in big part the qualities that make a good hunter; most important of all is the ability to shift for one's self, the mixture of hardihood and resourcefulness, which enables a man to tramp all day in the right direction, and, when night comes, to make the best of whatever opportunities for shelter and warmth may be at hand." This usually cannot be done by a "man who lives a rather over-civilized, an over-luxurious life—especially in the great cities."

For days at a time, when he was a young ranchman, he would roam the wilds alone with his pony, and his pocket editions of the classics, and the simplest and scantiest provisions. He has slept on the prairie in his buffalo bag when the thermometer had fallen to sixty-five degrees below zero. One night when he was out, a blizzard overtook him, and obliged him to seek shelter. Coming upon a cowboy, who was also fleeing from the storm, the two found a deserted hut, in which they took refuge. As they

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

out the fire they had built, Mr. Roosevelt
"Hamlet" to his companion, who was an
vated son of the plains, but who was deeply
ed in the tale. At the end of the reading
e it as his enthusiastic opinion that "old
peare savveyed human nature some." Mr.
elt learned to take life everywhere as he
it. He can wash his clothes, and cook his
and in his Wild West days he went into
r society. He attended the balls, and danced
e women, and opened one cowboy ball with
e of a small stockman, dancing the lancers

AS A SPORTSMAN

further, and makes this confession: "As we grow older, I think most of us become less keen about that part of the hunt which consists in the killing. I know that as far as I am concerned I have long gone past the stage when the chief end of a hunting trip is the bag. One or two bucks, or enough grouse and trout to keep the camp supplied, will furnish all the sport necessary to give zest and point to a trip in the wilderness."

One of the most enjoyable hunts which he has had while President was without a rifle. He and John Burroughs, the venerable nature writer, "Oom John," as the President affectionately calls him, went to the Yellowstone Park. The national government owns the park, and no one, not even the President of the United States, is allowed to carry firearms within its limits. This general disarmament, this peace between the various branches of the animal kingdom, has become known to the birds and beasts, and they swarm the great place in security. The President saw one hundred antelope grazing in the streets of a village. Deer as tame as cows came in droves to feed on the parade ground of the army post, in spite of the momentary shock they received

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

n-fire morning and evening. As many as
thousand head of elk were in sight at once.
y bears, buffaloes, coyotes, and mountain lions,
l the birds of the northern wilderness, greeted
resident, with no fear of the "big stick." One
ng he rushed out of his tent, when called, to
a band of mountain sheep, away up by the
ine, come calmly down an almost perpendicular
ce, which it did not seem possible for them to

delighted to show Mr. Burroughs the wild
of the Rockies, which he has known from early

AS A SPORTSMAN

from his secretary, who at that distance stood guard against the world and the cares of power, while the two nature lovers might say with the banished duke in the forest of Arden: —

“And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

After leaving the Yellowstone, the President visited that other noble park, the Yosemite, and there he slept out in a snow-storm, with not even a tent above him. On his return he stopped in Wyoming and took a seventy-five-mile ride on horse-back. He was eight hours in the saddle, and the people at Cheyenne said he arrived there looking fresh enough to go on for another eight hours.

In the interval of two months between his Governorship and his Vice-Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt went cougar hunting in Colorado for four weeks. It was in the very depth of winter, and all the world was buried under ice and snow. He, however, was comfortable in his buckskin shirt and hunting jacket lined with sheepskin, and his cap drawn down over his ears. He was forty miles from the railroad, and

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ound in the gloomy gorges or upon the cliffs
elk, blacktail deer, cougar, and mountain sheep.
veins thrilled and beat with buoyant life."
m, even the baying of the wolves at night was
er attractive." They would come down close
ranch, where he was staying, and howl by the
and he would go out in the darkness, with the
ometer standing at twenty below, and for half
ur at a time listen, entranced, to the wild music
beasts.

e night he entered on a chase by moonlight. He
not see the sights of his rifle. When the steep



From Stereograph, Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON A BEAR HUNT

UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN



AS A SPORTSMAN

The President and his companions would gallop across the countless holes of one of those strange communities, but their sure-footed ponies seldom stumbled. At noon the party would gather about the "chuck wagon," the lunch-cart of the plains, which followed them, and the President, in describing the pleasures of the vacation, exclaimed, "Where does a man take more frank enjoyment in his dinner than at the tail end of a chuck wagon!"

As they rode back to civilization and the railroad on the last day of the hunt, some one proposed that they stir up the town which they were approaching, by making a regular cowboy rush upon it. So, when they were about a mile outside, the President and all of them broke into a lope, and by the time the main street was reached their horses were on a wild run. Thus they tore through the place and bore down upon the railroad station like a whirlwind.

In the same spring the President enjoyed a bear hunt in Colorado. There he revelled in the freedom of tent life, amid the leafless aspens and great spruces, beside the rushing, ice-rimmed brook. Early to breakfast was the rule, and then off for the hunt,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

sometimes lasted ten and twelve hours without
thful of food. The horses struggled through
ow up to their saddle girths. Ranchmen
from miles around to "see the President kill
." The pack of hounds, with their marked
qualities, interested him not a little. But
he most intelligent among them would per-
chasing porcupines, and then "we had to
many minutes in removing the quills from
mouths and eyes." A white bull terrier
come in "looking like a glorified pin-cushion."
he life of the wilds appealed to the spirit of

AS A SPORTSMAN

one of his companions, with a long experience in that country, said; "they don't come for two weeks yet."

The President felt sure he was right, but bided his time till he could gain some evidence in his support. "Look! Look!" he cried in triumph the next day, as he pointed to the bird perched on a near-by shrub. Nothing in the course of his trip pleased him more than this vindication.

On Sunday the President and his party rode several miles to a little blue schoolhouse, whither a minister came some twenty miles or more to minister to the ranchmen and their families. The presence of so distinguished a communicant drew a congregation too large for the schoolroom, and the services, therefore, were held outdoors.

Only so much has been told in this chapter as would suffice to show the character of President Roosevelt's sportsmanship. From his boyhood wanderings in the groves of Long Island and in the woods of Maine to his latest hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, his steady purpose has been to build up his body and to train his mind, to gain the self-reliance of the primitive man. How well

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

How early he succeeded in this ambition was
by an experience of many years ago. He
went with an old mountain guide in a strange
remote part of Idaho. The guide was so
stupid and crabbed that he was a most trying
companion. Finally, when he got to drinking to
the young man would put up with him no

He took his horse, his sleeping-bag, a frying-pan,
salt, flour, and baking-powder, a chunk of
meat, his washing-kit, a hatchet and his wardrobe
which consisted of a few pairs of socks and

AS A SPORTSMAN

the bushes, its mighty paw barely missing him. The intrepid rifleman won the battle, and the next morning, after his regular plunge in the icy waters of a mountain torrent, he laboriously removed the beautiful coat of his fallen foe, and to this day it is a cherished trophy at Oyster Bay.

CHAPTER XXIX

A WORLD FIGURE



to Roosevelt, the peacemaker, from the princes and
s of the world. — The press of Europe filled with praise
American President as the foremost man of the day. —
n nations send their best diplomats to Washington. —
oosevelt way of dispelling the one war cloud of his ad-
ration. — March 14, 1907, novel method of making peace
en Japan and California. — His efforts to pacify Cuba. —
live branch as well as the big stick for South America. —
ng the neutrality of China — Settling the Alaskan

A WORLD FIGURE

him, showing how he looks in the longer perspective of various observers across the sea.

No other President ever had such world-wide celebrity among his contemporaries as President Roosevelt commanded at the time of the Russo-Japanese peace. He was everywhere acclaimed the foremost figure of his day. All mankind acknowledged its indebtedness to him. The head of nearly every civilized state hastened to congratulate him by cable.

“Accept my congratulations and warmest thanks,” the Czar said in his message, “for having brought the peace negotiations to a successful conclusion, owing to your personal, energetic efforts. My country will gratefully recognize the great part you have played in the Portsmouth peace conference.” The Mikado assured the President that “to your disinterested and unremitting efforts in the interests of peace and humanity I attach the high value which is their due.” From King Edward came this cordial message: “Let me be one of the first to congratulate you on the successful issue of the peace conference, to which you have so greatly contributed.” Emperor William wired: “I am overjoyed and

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express most sincere congratulations at the great success due to your untiring efforts. The whole of mankind must unite, and will do so, in thanking you for the great boon you have given it." President Loubet of France sent the assurance that "your Excellency has just rendered to humanity an eminent service." The press of Europe agreed in declaring that no other man could have brought about the happy result.

The achievement which the treaty of Portsmouth represented was not needed, however, to introduce President Roosevelt to the favorable attention of Europe. Although an intense American, he seemed to the European mind much like their own statesmen. A man of family and wealth, the graduate of a famous university, a writer and a sportsman, he appealed to the old world imagination. "Take Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Rhodes, Lord Charles Beresford, and John Burns," said the English *Review of Reviews*, "boil them down until you get the residuum essence into an American Dutchman, and you have something like the new President of the United States."

The President's portrait soon became as familiar

A WORLD FIGURE

on the other side of the ocean as that of any reigning monarch, and the caricaturists spread among all the nations the fame of those teeth which once struck terror to the New York police. Meanwhile some of his books were translated into foreign languages, and the people of Europe thus came at last to study an American whose ideals are above the almighty dollar.

An English writer after a visit to several capitals recorded that, where one man in Berlin talked of anything else, ten chose to talk of Roosevelt. At Rome his host, a distinguished member of the Chamber of Deputies, and former cabinet minister, refused to talk of any one but Roosevelt. Another English writer said: "No American President of my time has succeeded in so strongly impressing the imagination of Europe. He belongs by birth, education, and tastes to the type that Englishmen like most to represent them. Mr. Roosevelt does precisely the things Englishmen would like their leaders to do. Every bear he has shot would be worth five hundred votes to him in England."

From the *Deutsche Tages Zeitung* of Berlin, printed in the shadow of Emperor William himself, came this high estimate: "The American President is

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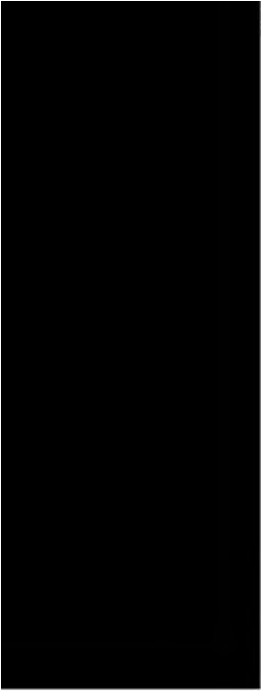
the most interesting personage in all the world of the present day." The *Corriere della Sera* in Milan said: "A memory of Græco-Roman times is revived by this singular man." In Madrid, the *Epoca* said of this one-time foe in arms: "You can put no longer on Theodore Roosevelt every time."

The *Petit Parisien* he was "one of the most remarkable men of the age." The great thunderer of the English journalism, the London *Times*, observed of him: "Since he has been President not a rash or provocative word has fallen from his lips." As early as 1902 the London *Spectator* was pronounc-



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO-DAY

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A WORLD FIGURE

One of the first to appreciate the influence which President Roosevelt was to exert, was the German Emperor, to whom he is so often likened. William contrived to despatch his brother, Prince Henry, on a special embassy to this country, in an early stage of the new administration, and paid the President's daughter the compliment of asking her to christen a yacht which he had ordered to be built in the United States. The Emperor has followed up these attentions with some added proof of his interest on every occasion.

In emulation of Prince Henry's visit, the French sent a distinguished embassy a few months later. All the leading governments suddenly dropped their old habits of neglect toward Washington, and have studied to select for their ambassadors at that post the strongest available men.

Washington, however, has been no storm centre of diplomacy under President Roosevelt. Not a cloud cast its shadow on the foreign relations of the United States for five years after he came into power. Then an anti-Japanese crusade in California took the form of excluding a few Japanese pupils from the white schools of San Francisco.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

side of Japan was sorely touched, and the government at Tokio insisted to the government at Washington that this insulting discrimination should be removed. It is not in the power of the government of the United States, however, to interfere with the policy of any state, and there seemed to be no way to allay the rising wrath of Japan. The situation was recognized as a grave one by the diplomats of the world, and rumors of war were heard.

President Roosevelt simply ignored the difficulties that confronted him, and, with a clear eye, sought a way to solve the trouble. He knew that the Californians

A WORLD FIGURE

ment for checking the immigration, provided those few dozen little Japs in San Francisco were permitted to return to the white schools. Then he sent for the mayor and school committee of that city. It was an unheard-of thing for the President of the United States to deal directly with mere municipal officials, and many prophets predicted that he would get only a snubbing from them. They were not under his authority, and officially were as independent of him as they were of the Mikado.

In due time, however, they arrived, and the President held long conferences with them at the White House. Little by little the outlook cleared. The mayor was flooded with telegrams to stand firm. But he had seen a new light. He had found the President in sympathy with the people of California in their dread of a great influx of Orientals, and the mayor knew that the case should be left in Mr. Roosevelt's care. He and his committee agreed to withdraw the rule against the Japanese pupils. There was more or less loud talk of "surrender," but the people of the coast generally were willing to leave their interests with the President.

This disposition was strikingly shown a few days

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

When the President made bold to address a
to the Governor of California, asking him
the suspension of some proposed legislation
ity to the Japanese. It was an unprece-
interference by a President with the affairs
e. Nevertheless, when President Roosevelt's
d direct appeal was read to the Legislature,
he leaders on the floor rose and expressed
eral confidence in the President when he
"We can trust our interests in the hands of
t Roosevelt." He thereupon moved that
n whatever be taken on the Japanese ques-

A WORLD FIGURE

pledge which the United States had given at the time of the Spanish war, by leaving the island to its people. By wise counsels he aided the new government from time to time. Finally, when it was beset by armed revolutionists, and it appealed to him to intervene, he patiently tried to restore peace in the island. He sent two representatives to Havana in the effort to persuade the Cubans to get together and save their republic. It was only after every peaceful endeavor had failed that he would consent to hoist the American flag and again assume control of the island.

Toward all the neighboring republics of the new world in general he has borne himself as a kindly neighbor. He sent his able Secretary of State, Elihu Root, on a long official tour of South America, a courtesy more marked than any we had ever shown the countries of that continent. On occasion, it is true, President Roosevelt has let them see his "big stick," but no President has given them a better assurance of the honest good-will of the great republic of the North.

Everywhere he has stood for "the peace of justice." The neutrality of China in the war between

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

and Japan was secured by a note which the
t addressed to the powers. He led the way
peaceful settlement of the troublesome Alaskan
y dispute, and it was he who started the
nt for the second conference of the nations
Hague.

animous assent the Nobel prize came to him
as a recognition of his services to the cause
, and it was characteristic of him to employ
ey as the foundation for a permanent fund
voted to the promotion of "a righteous in-

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